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INGLE-SIDE LILTS

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

ARCHIBALD M'KAY

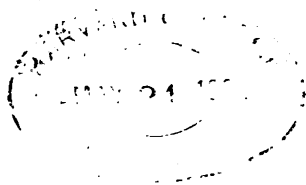
AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF KILMARNOCK" ETC.

NEW EDITION ENLARGED

KILMARNOCK
ARCHIBALD M'KAY KING STREET

MDCCLXVIII

7. 15. 8



Gift to English Dept

KILMARNOCK : SMITH BROTHERS, PRINTERS, KING STREET. .

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1861.

IN 1855 the author issued, in the form of a pamphlet, a limited edition of a small collection of lyrical poems under the name of "INGLE-SIDE LILTS;" and so favourably was it noticed by the press, that he was led to make it the groundwork of the present volume, to which he has given a similar title. The most of the pieces, therefore, which appeared in the little *brochure* alluded to, are here reprinted. The other poems, which constitute the greater part of the work, have not, with a few exceptions, been hitherto published in a collected form.

For the simple Scottish dialect, in which his little lays are generally written, the author offers no apology. To him it has always appeared both pithy and melodious, as well as eminently fitted for the faithful delineation of homely Scottish scenes, and for giving forcible expression to Scottish feeling, whether pathetic or humorous; above all, it is his

native tongue, endeared to him by many tender associations; and for these reasons he loves it and has adopted it.

He may add, that in the composition of the various pieces he has invariably aimed at naturalness and simplicity—qualities which he has always admired and considered as excellences in other writers; but whether he has so far succeeded in that aim, as to give beauty and interest to what he has written, remains with the reader to judge.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THIS Edition of “INGLE-SIDE LILTS” contains various pieces now printed for the first time, besides a number of others not hitherto collected. A carefully compiled Glossary of the principal Scottish words used in the work has also been added, and will, it is hoped, be useful to such readers as are only partially acquainted with the Scottish language.

124, KING STREET, KILMARNOCK,
August, 1868.

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“Song sweetens toil, however rude the sound.”

INGLE-SIDE LILTS.

BÉ KIND TO AULD GRANNIE

Set to music by T. S. GLEADHILL, Esq., in the "Lyric Gems of Scotland."

BE kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale;
When ye were wee bairnies, tott, totting about,
She watch'd ye when *in*, and she watch'd ye when *out*;
And aye when ye chanced, in your daffin' and fun,
To dunt your wee heads on the cauld staney grun',
She lifted ye up, and she kissed ye fu' fain,
Till a' your bit cares were forgotten again:
Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

When first in your breasts rose that feeling divine,
That's waked by the tales and the sangs o' langsyne,
Wi' auld-warld cracks she would pleasure inspire,
In the lang winter nichts as she sat by the fire ;
Or melt your young hearts wi' some sweet Scottish lay,
Like the "Flowers o' the Forest," or "Auld Robin
Gray ;"

Though eerie the win' blew around our bit cot,
Grim winter and a' its rude blasts were forgot :
Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

And mind, though the blithe day o' youth noo is yours,
Time will wither its joys as wild winter the flowers ;
And your step, that's noo licht as the bound o' the roe,
Wi' cheerless auld age may be feeble and slow ;
And the frien's o' your youth to the grave may be gane,
And ye on its brink may be tottering alane ;
Oh ! think how consoling some frien' would be then,
When the gloaming o' life comes like mist o'er the
glen :

Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

"JOUK AND LET THE JAW GAE BY."

Air—"Johnnie's grey breeks."

O! SAY not life is ever drear,
For midst its scenes of toil and care,
There's aye some joy the heart to cheer—
There's aye some spot that's green and fair;
To gain that spot the aim be ours,
For nocht we'll get unless we try;
And when misfortune round us lours,
We'll jouk and let the jaw gae by.

The wee bit floweret in the glen
Maun bend beneath the surly blast;
The birdie seeks some leafy den,
And shelters till the storm is past;
The "ourie sheep," when winds blaw snell,
To some lowne spot for refuge hie;
And sae, frae ills we canna quell,
We'll jouk and let the jaw gae by.

Yet there are ills we a' should brave—
The ills that man on man would throw,
For oh! he's but a thowless slave,
That patient bears oppression's wo;
But if 'tis but the taunts of pride,
Or envy's tongue that would annoy,
'Tis nobler far to turn aside,
And jouk and let the jaw gae by.

In worldly gear we may be bare,
We may ha'e mony a dreary hour,
But never, never nurse despair,
For ilka ane maun taste the sour:
E'en kings themsel's, wi' a' their power,
Wi' a' their pomp and honours high,
'Neath adverse blasts are forced to cower,
And jouk to let the jaw gae by.

But mark this truth: the ills that blight
Are aft the fruits that folly brings;
Then shun the wrong, pursue the right,
Frae *this* the truest pleasure springs;
And fret not though dark clouds should spread
At times across life's troubled sky,
Sweet sunshine will the gloom succeed,
Sae jouk and let the jaw gae by.

THOUGH SWEET ARE A' THE SIMMER
FLOWERS.

THOUGH sweet are a' the simmer flowers
By stream, by wood, or lea, lassie,
There's aye some wee bit blossom seems
The fairest to the e'e, lassie;
Sae thou of a' thy witching kind
Art loveliest to me, lassie;
O would it were my happy lot
To live through life wi' thee, lassie!

When first I saw thy gentle form,
Thy smile, sae void of art, lassie,
They woke a joy that aye sinsyne
Has lingered round my heart, lassie;
And though I daurna ca' thee mine,
Thy love-inspiring charms, lassie,
Will mak' thee to my bosom dear
While life that bosom warms, lassie.

MY AIN COUTHIE DAME.

Air—"And sae will we yet."

Wi' the gay and the witty
Aft blithesome I've been,
Owre a guid reamin' cog,
In the yill-house at e'en;
But sweeter are my joys,
By the ingle-side at hame,
Wi' my bonnie bits o' bairns
And my ain couthie dame.
My ain couthie dame,
O! my ain couthie dame;
Wi' my bonnie bits o' bairns
And my ain couthie dame.

There's naething that is gaudy
Within our lowly cot,
Sae the cares that wait on grandeur
Our pleasures never blot;
And tho' puirtith whiles keeks in,
O! it canna cule love's flame,

That cheers me wi' my bairns
And my ain couthie dame.
My ain couthie dame, &c.

O! donnert maun the carle be
Wha likes to dwall alane,
Without the bliss o' woman's charms,
Or smile o' toddlin' wean;
He *may* ha'e joys, but O! I trew,
To me they wad be tame—
I'm happier wi' my bairns
And my ain couthie dame.
My ain couthie dame, &c.

Tho' sair, sair I maun toil
'Mid the wintry winds sae bauld,
To keep ilk wee thing's coggie fu',
And cleed it frae the cauld;
Yet I wadna change my state,
E'en for fortune or for fame,
I'm sae happy wi' my bairns
And my ain couthie dame.
My ain couthie dame,
O! my ain couthie dame;
I'm sae happy wi' my bairns
And my ain couthie dame.

THE THRIFTY BIT WIFIE.

Set to music by JAMES ARMOUR, Esq.

O, THE bachelor's life is a wearifu' life,
Sae tae keep me mair blythe, I maun ha'e a bit wife;
I carena for riches, if thrifty she be,
For the thrifty bit wifie's the wifie for me;
 The wifie for me, the wifie for me,
 The thrifty bit wifie's the wifie for me.

Some lo'e the fair form, and some lo'e the sweet face,
Some lo'e the licht step and the maidenly grace,
Some lo'e the red lips sae delicious to pree,
But the thrifty bit wifie's the wifie for me;
 The wifie for me, the wifie for me,
 The thrifty bit wifie's the wifie for me.

As the sun cheers ilk bonnie wee flower in the shaw,
Sae a thrifty bit wife cheers a puir body's ha';
Ilk thing seems to thrive 'neath the glance o' her e'e,
Sae the thrifty bit wifie's the wifie for me;
 The wifie for me, the wifie for me,
 The thrifty bit wifie's the wifie for me.

SOMEBODY THERE.

I LO'E thee, sweet Irvine, when morn's gowden ray
Beams bright on thy banks, making ilka thing fair;
But dearer art thou at the wa-gang o' day,
When beside the birk-tree I meet Somebody there,
Somebody there! Somebody there!
When beside the birk-tree I meet Somebody there.

And pleasant to me are thy green banks at noon,
When the bee blithely hums in the flower-scented
air;
But oh! they're mair charming when gloamin' comes
roun',
For then by the birk I meet Somebody there,
Somebody there! Somebody there!
For then by the birk I meet Somebody there.

Then come, gloamin', come, throw thy shades o'er the
lea,
Love's joys by the Irvine again let me share,
For the dearest, the purest o' pleasures to me
Is to meet by the birk-tree wi' Somebody there,
Somebody there! Somebody there!
Is to meet by the birk-tree wi' Somebody there.

MY AULD UNCLE WATTY.

Air—"Bonnie Dundee."

O! WEEL I ha'e mind o' my auld uncle Watty ;
When but a bit callan I stood by his knee,
Or clamb the big chair, whar at e'enin' he sat aye,
He made us fu' blithe wi' his fun and his glee ;
For O! he was knackie and couthie and crackie,
Baith humour and lair in his noddle had he—
The youths o' the clachan he'd keep a' a-laughin'
Wi' his queer observations and stories sae slee.

The last Hogmanay that we met in his cottie,
To talk owre the past, and the nappy to pree,
Some auld-farrant sangs, that were touchin' and witty,
He sung till the bairnies were dancin' wi' glee.
And syne in the dance, like a youngster o' twenty,
He lap and he flang wi' auld Nannie Macfee ;
In a' the blithe meeting nae ane was sae canty,
Sae jokin', sae gabby, sae furthy and free.

And O! had ye seen him that e'ening when Rory
Was kippled to Maggie o' Riccarton Mill;
Wi' joke and wi' story he kept up the glory
Till morning's faint glimmer was seen on the hill.
O! he was a body, when warmed wi' the toddy,
Whase wit to ilk bosom enchantment could gie;
For funnin' and daffin', and punnin' and laughin',
Throughout the hale parish nae equal had he.

But worn out at last wi' life's cares and its labours,
He bade an adieu to his frien's a' sae dear,
And sunk in death's sleep, sair bewailed by his
neebours,
Wha yet speak his praise, and his mem'ry revere.
Whar slumbers the dust o' my auld auntie Matty,
We dug him a grave wi' the tear in our e'e,
And there laid the banes o' my auld uncle Watty,
To moulder in peace by the big aiken-tree.

THE FLOWER O' KNOCKMARLOCH.*

KNOCKMARLOCH, thy woodlands are lovely to see
When spring spreads her glories o'er mountain and
 lea,
When blithely the lark hails the gay dewy morn,
And snawdrap and primrose the burnside adorn;
And when the fair simmer in richer array
Bespangles wi' daisies ilk meadow and brae,
How sweet then to roam 'mang the flowers in thy
 glade,
Or linger at noon in yon rose-scented shade.

But 'tis not the beauty o' floweret or tree
That binds my affection, Knockmarloch, to thee;
'Tis the smile o' my Mary, sae artless and fair,
That beams aye sae kindly and welcomes me there.

* Knockmarloch is in the parish of Bircarton, on the road leading from Kilmarnock to the village of Craigie. It is known to the lovers of Ayrshire song as the birth-place of John Burt, author of the sweet little lyric beginning "O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the grey mountain straying," which has been sometimes mistaken for a production of Burns, and as such inserted in several editions of his works.

Yes, there though the trees wear the loveliest green,
And fairest o' flowers in profusion are seen,
Yet midst a' their splendour, sae charming to see,
My Mary's the flower o' Knockmarloch to me.

And, oh! how endearing at gloamin's return,
To wander wi' her by the wee woodland burn,
That seems as it murmurs mair saftly to glide
When Mary, dear Mary, appears by its side;
And then though the mist that steals grey o'er the lea
Half hides ilka bonnie bit flower frae the e'e,
Yet to me a' around has a sweet witching air
When Mary, the flower o' Knockmarloch, is there.

ROBIN THE PLOUGHMAN.

Written for the Kilmarnock Burns Club, 25th January, 1856.

Air—"Last May a braw wooer."

COME, let us forget a' our cares for a wee,
And our joys on this e'enin' renew, man;
And wi' sang and wi' crack gar the time blithely flee
In honour o' Robin the ploughman, the ploughman,
In honour o' Robin the ploughman.

O weel may auld Scotia be proud o' his name,
For his sangs aye to nature were true, man ;
And weel may we twine the rich garland o' fame
In honour o' Robin the ploughman, the ploughman,
In honour o' Robin the ploughman.

He caredna for newfangled phrase when he sung,
For our auld-warld words he did lo'e, man ;
And ilk ane fand their *pith* as they flow'd frae his
tongue,
And gloried in Robin the ploughman, the plough-
man,
And gloried in Robin the ploughman.

And haith ! to our Bardie nae subject cam' wrang—
E'en the wee gowan sprinkled wi' dew, man,
What flower-loving minstrel e'er hallowed wi' sang,
Like Coila's blithe Robin the ploughman, the
ploughman ?
Like Coila's blithe Robin the ploughman ?

And the wee siller burn bickerin' thro' the green shaw,
Now seen and now hid frae the view, man,
Wi' its ilka bit turn, and its ilka bit fa',
Wha e'er sung like Robin the ploughman, the
ploughman ?
Wha e'er sung like Robin the ploughman ?

And then frae our lasses, sae sweet and sae fair,
What warm inspiration he drew, man ;
When he sings o' their charms we forget ilka care,
And lo'e them like Robin the ploughman, the
ploughman,
And lo'e them like Robin the ploughman.

Tho' puirtith at times made him dowie and wae,
Independence aye sat on his brow, man ;
And he knuckled to nane wi' his sang or his say,
For manly was Robin the ploughman, the plough-
man,
For manly was Robin the ploughman.

And dearer than a', he was Liberty's frien'—
Her rights he defended, I trew, man ;
For he lashed a' her faes wi' his satire sae keen ;
Then hurrah for bauld Robin the ploughman, the
ploughman !
Hurrah for bauld Robin the ploughman !

THE COTTAR'S WEE BAIRN.

O! BLITHE is the life o' the cottar's wee bairn ;
Far, far frae the toun, wi' its art and its pride,
She toddles about 'mang the flowers and the fern,
As lichtsome's the wild bee that hums by her side.
Her hame's a bit beild by the auld divot dyke
That fends the kailyaird frae the sheep and the
kye ;
Tho' lowly it seems, we nicht envy the like,
For nature smiles round it in beauty and joy.

A bonnie rose-bush the wee winnock owrehings,
Wi' fair snawy blossoms a' richly arrayed,
And an auld saughan-tree, whar the wild birdie sings,
Throws owre the bit gavel its sheltering shade ;
And a burnie, owre whilk spans a wee rustic brig,
Is seen thro' the bourtrees ayont the kailyaird,
Sweet kissing the edge o' the green grassy rig,
Whar the tether'd pet lammie is nibbling the
swaird.

But yonder's the bairn tripping round the house-en';
How blithesome! how fair in her simple attire!
The first flowers o' simmer she brings frae the glen,
For auld grannie to smell as she sits by the fire.
Her wee sisters rin wi' their wi'-tousled hair,
To welcome her hame wi' the posie sae gay;
And even auld Towser louns up frae his lair,
And, joining them, leads, like some gen'ral, the way.

How different the life o' the puir factory wean!
Frae morning till e'en she maun wearily toil,
And scarce see the sun thro' the steam-darken'd pane,
When nature's lit up wi' her loveliest smile.
But such is this wearifu' warld, I trew;
How strangely divided its joy and its care!
Ane sips in its sweets as the flow'ret the dew,
And anither, alas! a' its sorrows maun share.

THE MITHER LODGE.

Time—"A man's a man for a' that."

AMANG the social "sons of light"
I've aften blithesome been, man,
And here within the Mither Lodge
Some joyfu' nights I've seen, man;
For aye to me there was a charm
In speech, in sang, and crack, man,
That made me weary for the time
When I'd come toddlin' back, man.

I've seen the jolly-hearted Conn
Here aften bear the sway, man;
I've seen a Wylie, ever shrewd,
Masonic lore display, man;
And now a Mure adorns the East,
A bright, a worthy name, man,
He'll gie the Lodge anither heeze,
Anither wreath of fame, man.

Wha hasna felt a sacred joy,
A pleasure ever sweet, man,
When by a mither's ingle-side
Kind couthie friends would meet, man?
And here we feel the same delight
When friendships we renew, man,
Within our guid auld mither's ha',
'Mang brithers leal and true, man.

Wi' open heart she lo'es us a',
Whate'er our lot may be, man,
And aft she prays that a' her bairns
In love may aye agree, man;
For love she kens can yield a charm
To cheer life's fleeting scenes, man,
And lead to yonder Lodge aboon,
Where joy unclouded reigns, man.

Yes, muckle sense and worth is hers,
And proud she weel may be, man,
For even kings themselves ha'e sat
Fu' kindly by her knee, man;
Then lang, lang may she keep her feet
To speak, or sing, or crack, man,
And aye be blithe as she has been,
To bid us welcome back, man.

MY CUTTY PIPE.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!
The theme may lowly be,
But haith I'll tune my harp and sing
A wee bit lilt to thee;
For tho' nae whirligigums grace
Thy form o' sooty hue,
To me thou aft hast been a joy
When ither joys were few.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!
When steaming in my cheek,
And, mist-like, owre my auld grey pow
Ascends thy swirling reek;
O then sweet fancy waukens up,
Wi' a' her fairy train,
And mony a blithesome, happy thocht
Gangs dancing thro' my brain.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!

When day's hard toils are dune,
Nae bluid-red wine ha'e I to quaff
To keep the heart in tune.

Na, na; the grape's inspiring juice
Mair gentle gabs maun swill,
But thanks to fate, I aye ha'e thee
To whuff and lunt at will.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!

When winter, snell and bare,
Comes roaring frae the Norlan skies,
And mak's me croichle sair,
I seek nae doctor's drugs, but tak'
Just twa-three puffs o' thee,
Then, like a filly 'mang the hills,
I breathe baith glad and free.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!

Even in the simmer hours,
When lane I seek the burnie's lip,
To muse amang the flowers,
I lean me on some fuggie stane
And licht thee up wi' glee,
And then, tho' a' around is sweet,
'Tis doubly sweet wi' thee.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!
When mirk the e'ening fa's,
And kindly at my wee bit beild
Some couthie cronie ca's,
I prime thee weel, and sen' thee round,
And syne, inspired by thee,
The crack begins, the sang is sung,
The moments blithely flee.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!
Some folks at thee may grue,
And say it's but a waste o' gear
To put thee in the mou';
But what are they, wi' a' their wealth?
Puir scrapin', yamerin' fules,
They only get a shroud at last
To co'er them in the mools.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!
I ken thou canna gie
A fadeless pleasure to the heart,
For sic we never see;
But when upon my luckless croun
The dunts o' puirtith fa',
Thou help'st to cheer my dowie lot
And soothe my cares awa.

My cutty pipe! my cutty pipe!
Unlike John Barleycorn,
Nae deadly sting thou lea'st behind
To fash me on the morn;
But aye I rise wi' noddle clear,
And when the ribs I ripe,
My joys are a' renewed again
Wi' thee, my cutty pipe!

THE SILLERWOOD BURN.

O, SWEET were the meadows,
The glens, and the braes
Where blithely I wandered
In youth's happy days;
But aye I lo'ed dearest,
At simmer's return,
The bonnie green banks
O' the Sillerwood Burn.

Nae bard has e'er honoured
The' burn wi' his sang,
But a sweeter, a fairer
Ne'er wimpled alang ;
Come spring-time or simmer,
Come e'ening or morn,
There's aye a sweet charm
By the Sillerwood Burn.

The birdies a' lo'e it,
For there bush and tree
Are aye ringing gaily
Wi' wee lilts o' glee ;
And fairest o' flowerets
In beauty adorn
The sweet sylvan scenes
By the Sillerwood Burn.

But though the wee burnie
Were scarce half sae fair,
My fondest affection
Would still linger there,
For love-hallowed mem'ries
O' life's sunny morn
Endear to my heart
The sweet Sillerwood Burn.

Yes, there, e'en when winter
Mak's flowerless the lea,
The braes and the woodlands
Are sacred to me;
And while to the dear spot
My fancy can turn,
I'll lo'e the sweet banks
O' the Sillerwood Burn.

THE MITHER TO HER BAIRNS.

O, BAIRNIES, lie still,
For your faither's asleep,
And maun rise to his wark
When the mornin' beams peep;
To break his sweet slumber
It wadna be richt,
For he that toils sairly
Needs rest thro' the night.

Whisht! Davie, ye're nocht
But a wild skirlin' brat;
And, Robin, nae mortal
Kens what ye'd be at;
A' day ye've been rakin'
For nests in the shaw,
And yet, like the lave,
Ye keep gabblin' awa.

And, Tam, ye're sae restless,
Your like was ne'er seen;
Ye mindna the paiks
That I gied ye yestreen,
When ye drew the bit cat
Thro' the house by the lug,
And tied to its tail
Grannie's auld broken jug.

Ye licht-headed gilpies,
O kent ye how sair
Your puir faither labours
To keep ye a' fair—
To keep ye in schulin',
In meat, claes, and shoon,
Ye'd mind what I tell ye,
And lessen your din.

In the cuttie-wren's nest .
By the burn yont the knowe,
That wee Jamie fand out
When a-herdin' the yowe,
Ye'll no hear a cheep
When the sun has gane down ;
In ilk ither's bosie
They're a' sleepin' soun'.

Frae them tak' a lesson,
Ye rogues, and lie still,
For mirk lie the shadows
O' nicht on the hill ;
And when the sweet morn
Glints again owre the lea,
Then rise, like the birds,
To your daffin and glee.

THE WEE BEGGAR WEAN.

O BID him come in ! it's the wee beggar wean ;
O bid him come in frae the cauld wintry rain ;
A tear gushes out frae his bonnie dark e'e,
A tear that bespeaks the sad ills he maun dree :
O bid him come in, for we maunna disdain
To gladden the heart o' the wee beggar wean.

I mind o' him weel when a bairn on the knee,
Nae dew-silvered rose-bud was fairer than he ;
But on dark dissipation's wild eddying wave
His parents, alas ! were borne down to the grave ;
And he, helpless thing, was left frien'less and lane
To roam amang strangers, a wee beggar wean.

Hark ! hark ! the dark tempest comes wild up the glen,
Then haste to the door, bring the puir laddie ben ;
We'll mak' him fu' blithe wi' the hap o' our beil',
Wi' a daud o' our bread or a gowpen o' meal ;
Oh ! little we ken what may come o' our ain,
We aye should be kind to the wee beggar wean.

The lanely bit floweret mair gladsome doth seem
When gently it's kissed by some sweet passing beam ;
Sae the fond smile o' kindness his bosom will cheer,
And chase frae his wan cheek the cauld bitter tear ;
Then haste, bring him in, for oh ! wha could refrain
Frae gladdening the heart o' the wee beggar wean ?

“WHARE’ER THERE’S A WILL THERE IS
ALWAYS A WAY.”

Originally printed in “Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal.”

LANGSYNE, when I first gaed to schule, I was glaikit;
In books and in learning nae pleasure had I;
And when, for my fauts, wi’ the taws I was paikit,
“I canna do better,” was aye my reply.
“Deed, Rab,” quo’ my mither, “for daffin’ and playin’
There’s nocht ye can manage by nicht or by day ;
But this let me tell ye, and mind what I’m sayin’—
Whare’er there’s a will there is always a way.

“Just look at our preacher: when but a bit callan
The ills o’ could puirtith he aft had to dree;
But to better his lot the puir chiel aye was willin’—
At schule and at wark ever eident was he.
Sage books he wad read, and their truths he wad cherish,
And earnestly sprauchle up learning’s steep brae;
And noo he’s Mess John o’ his ain native parish—
Sae whar there’s a will there is always a way.

“And man, if ye saw how the manse is bedeckit!
Ilk room’s like a palace, it’s plenished sae fine;
And then, wi’ the best in the land he’s respeckit,
And aft wi’ My Lord is invited to dine.
O! Rab, then, be active, frae him tak’ example;
His case speaks mair powerfu’ than ocht I can say;
And soon ye will find that your talents are ample,
For whar there’s a will there is always a way.

“What tho’ we are cottars? the puirest may flourish,
And wha wadna rise wi’ the glorious few?
Industry works wonders—its spirit aye nourish—
It isna the drone gathers hinney, I trew.
Then onward, my laddie, ye canna regret it—
What wrecks and what tears hae been caused by
delay!
If noble your wish is, press on, ye will get it!
For whar there’s a will there is always a way.”

Thus spak my auld mither; ilk word seem'd a sermon;
But just rather warldly as ane micht alloo;
But haith it inspired me and made me determine
To haud to the *lair*, and keep *progress* in view.

Sae I tried ilka project instruction to gather:

When herdin' the sheep for our laird, Ringan Gray,
The Bible and Bunyan I read 'mang the heather—
Ay, whar there's a will there is always a way.

But my faither he dee'd, and to help my puir mither,
I noo had to struggle wi' hardship and care;
And aften I thocht I wad stick a' thegither,

But something within me said—"Never despair."
At last I grew bien, for I toiled late and early;
To College I gaed, and I'm noo a D.D.,
And placed in the time-honoured Kirk o' Glenfairly;
Sae whar there's a will there is always a way.

The manse—but I shouldna wi' vanity crack o't—
Is as cosie a beild as a body could see,
Hauf-hid 'mang auld trees, wi' braw parks at the
back o't,

Whar lambs, 'mang the gowans, are sportin' wi' glee.
I've got a bit wife, too—a rich winsome lady;

In short, I hae a' that a mortal could hae:
Then onward, ye youths! as my auld mither said aye,
Whare'er there's a will there is always a way.

O COME TO CRAIGIE HILL, LASSIE.

O come to Craigie Hill, lassie,
The sweetest joys are there ;
The bloom is on the whin, lassie,
And ilka scene is fair ;
The laverock's in the lift, lassie,
Warbling its merry lay,
As if to wile us forth, lassie,
To spend the happy day.

What signifies the toun, lassie,
Wi' a' its empty show ?
It canna yield the joy, lassie,
That nature's charms bestow ;
E'en the wee'flower on the brae, lassie,
Unheeded though it be,
To gentle hearts like thine, lassie,
A pure delight can gie.

We'll blithely climb the hill, lassie,
And frae its brow survey
Around us wood and lawn, lassie,
In simmer's rich array ;*

* Craigie Hill commands an extensive and beautiful prospect—wood and lawn, hill and dale, sea and sky, for many miles around, appear in wonderful magnificence. Away in the distance, Loudoun Hill raises its conical form, and near it are the song-hallowed woods of Loudoun, with the princely castle set like a gem in the midst of their thick green foliage. "The lofty Benlomond," Benledi, the Paps of Jura, the Mull of Kintyre, the romantic hills of Arran, the wave-washed rock of Ailsa, the shore of Carrick, the coast of Ireland, and the Frith of Clyde, come also within the range of the delighted eye. More immediately in the foreground of the grand broad picture are several towns, the most prominent of which is Kilmarnock, with its churches and spires, and its old Dean Castle, long the residence of the once powerful family of Boyd. In the foreground, too, are the woods and lawns of Caprington, Coodham, Treesbanks, and Knockmarloch, together with the Castle of Craigie, the ancient seat of the Wallaces, and the Castle of Dundonald, once the abode of Robert the Second, who is said to have died there in the year 1390; and who, as stated by various historical authorities, had there "wooed and married his first wife, the beauteous Elizabeth Mure," daughter of Sir Adam Mure of Rowallan. It would be impossible, indeed, to enumerate all the objects of interest that lie before us; but as we love to note the homes and haunts of acknowledged worth, we may state that among the farmhouses and cottages that dot the landscape below the hill is Mosshead, the birthplace of the eminent Sir James Shaw, for some time Lord Mayor of London, whose statue, by Fillans, adorns the Cross of Kilmarnock. The house is only a plain building, shaded by a few trees, but it is worthy of being pointed out as the natal spot of the distinguished baronet. We may add, that from the hill we have also a view of the neighbouring farmhouse of Sunnyside, in the garden of which is an aged hawthorn, locally called "The Shaw Thorn," from the circumstance of Sir James, when a boy, having often played or sat under its branches. The tree, though it has stood the "peltings of the pitiless storm" for many winters, is still green and fair, and seldom fails to display, in the summer season, a beautiful and luxuriant array of fragrant milk-white blossoms.

Or, by the crystal well, lassie,
That skinkles down below,
We'll wander 'mang the flowers, lassie,
That there in beauty blow.

That spot is dear to me, lassie,
And sacred aye shall be,
For there thy peerless charms, lassie,
First knit my heart to thee.
Then come, oh come, wi' me, lassie,
Amang these scenes we'll rove,
And there enjoy ance mair, lassie,
The dear delights of love.

MY AULD GRANNIE'S YAIRDIE.

Originally printed in Cassell's "Working Man's Friend."

AMANG the sweet scenes that delighted my childhood,
Oh, dear was my auld grannie's yairdie to me;
It sunward did slope by the side o' the wildwood,
Whar stood her wee house by the big aiken-tree.
And through the sweet spot ran a clear crystal burnie,
Whase music fell sweetly and saft on the ear,
As round ilka auld fuggie stane it wad turn aye,
Or bickerin' row 'neath the rose-blossomed breer.

Nae gay foreign flowers or fruits had auld grannie
Within her bit yairdie to mak' it look fair,
But cowslips, and pinkies, and daisies fu' bonnie,
And sweet native roses and lilies were there.
And there, by the burn, grew the rowan-tree that
shaded

The seat where she'd rest in the calm sunny noon,
Ere day's rosy splendour o'er Goatfell had faded,
And yet sung the laverock the woodlands aboon.

But the thinge that auld grannie liked best in her
yairdie

Were tatties and kale, whilk she tended wi' care ;
And to help her to fend a bit grumphy she reared aye ;

For by her ain labour she strove aye to fare.

I mind when Mess John offered ance to send till her
Frae out the kirk coffers a shillin' or twa ;

"Na, na," she replied, "I want nae *parish siller* ;
To live by industry's the best thing ava."

The gifts o' the schules had been gi'en to her sparely,

But muckle she kent o' the years past awa ;

And weel she could tell the sad tale o' Prince Charlie,

For whom her ain gutcher did gloriously fa'.

What thochts thrilled my heart as I first to her
listened,

When fatal Culloden's dread field was her theme !

Methinks I yet see her ; her e'e brichtly glistened,

And tears down her cheek for the vanquished did
stream.

But it wasna things earthly that grannie maist
cherish'd ;

Religion she prized—'twas her pleasure, her pride ;

A love o' its truths in the youngsters she nourished,

And bade them be virtuous whate'er micht betide.

And even in her yairdie instruction she'd gather
Fræ ilka sweet blossom that round her did blaw;
"They tell," she wad say, "that joy blooms but to
wither,
And man to the dust, like the wan leaf, maun fa'."

Ah! wildwoods now grow whar her yaird bloomed
sae bonnie;
Like her, the wee house that she wonn'd in's awa;
And the burn, in sad wailings, her loss seems to
moan aye,
As onward it wanders and sings through the shaw.
But changed though the spot be whar stood her bit
dwallin',
The scenes that are there sweetest feelings awake;
I lo'ed them langsyne, when a wee wayward callan,
And still I revere them for auld grannie's sake.

COME, LOVELY SPRING.

O! WAEFU' and weary
The winter has been ;
'Twas dowie at morning,
'Twas eerie at e'en ;
And lang, lang I've sighed
For the fair vernal flowers,
For the blue cloudless skies
And the sweet sunny hours.

Then come, lovely Spring,
Deck the bare woodland bower,
And nurse wi' thy soft smiles
Ilk bonnie wee flower ;
And hush the wild tempest
That's soughin' alang,
And waken, oh, waken
Ilk wee birdie's sang.

The auld will be blithesome
Thy glories to see,
And e'en the wee bairnies
Will hail thee wi' glee,
As they hie to the woodlands,
In joy and in pride,
To pu' the first flowers
By some bonnie burnside.

Then come, lovely Spring,
We are langing for thee;
For cauld, hoary cranreuch
Yet lies on the lea;
O, come wi' thy sun-glints
And pearls o' dew,
And the verdure and beauty
Of nature renew.

THE LAIRD O' GLENHORN.

Air—"Last May a braw wooer."

LANGSYNE, when I first to my Tammie was wed,
We lived wi' ilk ither fu' canty;
Nae heart-breaking struggles wi' puirtith we had,
For he was a bit laird, and had plenty, had plenty;
For he was a bit laird, and had plenty.

And to prove a guid wifie I span and I toil'd,
And lo'ed him as dam lo'es its lammie;
But husbands, like bairns, may wi' kindness be spoil'd,
And sae it turned out wi' my Tammie, my Tammie;
And sae it turned out wi' my Tammie.

I thocht when in winter he wrocht on the lea,
Whar round him the wind whistled drearie,
That a toothfu' ilk morn o' the bauld barley-bree
Wad keep his heart lichtsome and cheerie, and
cheerie;
Wad keep his heart lichtsome and cheerie.

Sae I caft a bit keg o't, and gied him a dram
When he gaed to the plough or the harrow ;
But trowth, what was ettled for comfort to Tam
Soon laid the foundation o' sorrow, o' sorrow ;
Soon laid the foundation o' sorrow.

For ere the first half o' a towmont gaed by,
Ilk hour o' the day he wad want it ;
And gif I but dared his request to deny,
He raged like a body dementit, dementit ;
He raged like a body dementit.

I saw I had err'd ; but I thocht it owre late
My errors to think o' reformin',
Sae I just let the puir silly chiel tak' his fate,
And the upshot, I trew, was alarmin', alarmin' ;
And the upshot, I trew, was alarmin'.

For he drank till he wasted the lands o' Glenhorn,
O' whilk his forbears made him lairdie ;
Then he hung himsel' up on the auld wither'd
thorn,
That stauns by the burn in the yairdie, the yairdie ;
That stauns by the burn in the yairdie.

And noo I hae gotten anither bit man ;
But faith I tak' tent what I'm doin' ;
I stick like a burr to the teetotal plan,
For whisky owre aften brings ruin, brings ruin ;
For whisky owre aften brings ruin.

SONG OF THE LABOURER.

Originally printed in Cassell's "Working Man's Friend."

O WHY should we murmur and mourn at our fate ?
Tho' hardships are often our fa', man,
Yet blithe let us toil, for there's something that's great
In braving life's storms when they blaw, man.

Our wee bits o' bairns maun hae duddies to wear,
And crowdie and shelter and a', man ;
And wha wadna strain every nerve for his ain,
Cares nocht for humanity's law, man.

The rich may gae by us wi' cauldrie disdain,
 Arrayed in their garments sae braw, man ;
But if true manly parts ne'er ennoble their hearts,
 As *men* they are naething ava, man.

On wild moorland flower fa' the saft dews o' e'en,
 As sweet as on flower in the shaw, man ;
So nature's rich gifts to the peasant are gi'en
 As weel as to lord in his ha', man.

Frae ranks o' the lowly a Shakspeare arose,
 And say wha a nobler e'er saw, man ?
'Mang bleak scenes o' toil sang the minstrel o' Coil,
 Whase strains charm the hearts o' us a', man.

Like them, few may gain the bright summit o' fame,
 Where, midst the renowned, sit the twa, man ;
But wi' hands or wi' mind we may better our kind,
 Ere frae earth we are summoned awa', man.

The wee wimpling burn helps to drive the mill-wheel
 Although that its waters be sma', man ;
Sae the humblest o' men some assistance may len'
 The wheel o' improvement to ca', man.

A warm helping hand we may freely extend
To him that misfortunes befa', man;
We may stand for the right against tyranny's might,
That frae us life's pleasures wad draw, man.

Let such be our aim while we warsle thro' life;
And tho' fortune should ne'er on us daw, man,
Oh, let us not fret, nor this truth e'er forget—
Heaven looks for some guid frae us a', man.

DRUNK YESTREEN.

Air—"Kissed yestreen."

YE vile drucken dyvour, ye're fairly gaun mad,
Ye've daidled and drunk every penny we had;
And even the duds that your hurdies should screen
Ye took to the pawn, and got drunk yestreen!

Drunk yestreen! drunk yestreen!

Ye took to the pawn, and got drunk yestreen!
In spite o' the warnings and counsel I've gi'en,
Again, like a sot, ye got drunk yestreen!

And like ither drinkers, o' tyrants ye crack,
And swear that the Kirk and the State's gaun to wrack;
But a tyrant, forsooth, to yoursel' ye hae been,
Wi' drinking the maut as ye drunk yestreen!

Drunk yestreen! drunk yestreen!
Wi' drinking the maut as ye drunk yestreen!
And had ye the power, man, your kintra, I ween,
Ye'd pawn for sic drink as ye drunk yestreen!

But, man, though ye've lost a' regard for yoursel',
Your heart still micht feel for wee Davie and Bell;
Puir things! wi' fell hunger tears fa' frae their e'en,
And what wad hae fed them ye drunk yestreen!

Drunk yestreen! drunk yestreen!
And what wad hae fed them ye drunk yestreen!
But the judgment o' Heaven, and that will be seen,
Will fallow the drink that ye drunk yestreen!

Thus spak the guidwife, and her words they were true,
For he doun the stair tumbled neist nicht he gat fou;
And there lay the sot, wi' his neck broken clean,
A warning to a' that get drunk at e'en!

Drunk at e'en! drunk at e'en!
A warning to a' that get drunk at e'en!
Sae, tent me, the chiel to himsel' is nae frien',
Wha sooks at the maut, and gets drunk at e'en.

THE HOUR I LO'E BEST.

THE hour I lo'e best is the hour when my lassie
Comes smiling to me by the auld ruined Dean,*
Wi' her bonnie white brow and her ringlets sae glossy,
And the love o' her heart keeking out frae her e'en.
O, sweet is the pleasure wi' her to be roamin'
Alang by the mill, or the fir-buskit brae,
When flowers are a' pearl'd wi' the dew's o' the
gloamin',
And the wee birds are lilting fareweel to the day.

O, then ilka scene to my bosom is dearer;
The fragrance is sweeter that steals through the
bowers;
The woods are a' fairer, the streams are a' clearer,
And greener the verdure, and purer the flowers.
For aye there's a something about my young dearie
That mak's a' around us mair lovely and braw:
Earth seems like a heaven whene'er she is near me,
And oh, in that heaven she is sweetest of a'!

* Dean Castle, in the vicinity of Kilmarnock.

THE LINN O' CRAIGHA'.*

THE simmer is come, love,
The woodlands are green,
Again by ilk burnie
The wild flowers are seen ;
The whin is in bloom
'Mang the rocks on the brae,
And fair snawy blossoms
Hae whitened the slae ;
Then say thou wilt meet me,
When day steals awa,
In yon wee fairy dell,
By the Linn o' Craigha'.

Thy heart, my dear lassie,
Lo'es a' that is fair ;
And beauty is beamin'
On ilka thing there,

* A romantic little linn, or waterfall, on the western bank of the Borland Water, about two miles from Kilmarnock.

Frae the wee lowly gowan
That glints 'neath the thorn,
To the tall ivied ash-tree
That leans o'er the burn,
Half shading the waters
That murmuring fa'
In siller-like foam
O'er the Linn o' Craigha'.

And fair is the scene
When the last licht o' day
Is lingering fu' sweetly
On bank and on brae,
When the flowers a' around
Wi' dew-pearls are dress'd,
And are lovely and pure
Like thy ain gentle breast,
And when nature seems fond
A' her sweetness to shaw
In the wee fairy dell
By the Linn o' Craigha'.

O sweet are the pleasures
The blithe simmer yields,
When she sheds her rich hues
O'er the woods and the fields;

Then meet me when e'ning
Comes fragrant and fair,
And our hearts, dearest lassie,
These pleasures will share,
Where trees wave in beauty
And flowers sweetly blaw
Round the wee fairy dell
By the Linn o' Craigha'.

WHEN BARNEY'S LOVED MOLLY WAS DYING.

WHEN Barney's loved Molly was dying,
He sung with a sorrowful heart—
“Shure, shure now it sets me a-crying,
To think we for ever must part.
For twenty long years, on life's journey,
Assisting each other, we've trod;
And, och! who will comfort your Barney
When you are anunder the sod?

“The priest may say, ‘Barney, be aisy,
For death is the portion of all;’
But shure I’d be hardened and crazy
To drop not a tear at your fall.
For, while the bless’d sun is above me,
No crathur I ever will find,
Who will with such tinderness love me,
Or rear up the pigs to my mind!

“When first in your ould mother’s cabin
I met you when harvest was o’er,
With love your young bosom was throbbin’,
And mine was all bliss to the core.
Och! swate was the glance of your eye then;
Like dew on the shamrock it shone;
Or moonshine that lighted the sky then,
Above the green fields of Tyrone.

“Now, Molly, our joys are all over;
But, could my dear life save your own,
It’s *myself* that the cowld turf would cover,
And *you* that my loss would bemoan.
Yet still I will hould it my duty,
And all through regard to yourself,
To wed not again though some beauty
Should tempt me with nations of pelf.”

Thus Barney breathed forth his oration ;
But when Molly's *wake* had come round,
The whisky stopped all lamentation,
And once more in love he was bound.
For Biddy O'Flinn, from Killarney,
All fresh as a rosebud, was there,
And with her sly looks and her blarney,
His heart she did fairly ensnare.

"Dear Biddy," he said, "it's our nathur
Intirely love's power to obey ;
Then troth if you'll wed me, swate crathur,
I'll sarve you by night and by day."
"Och, honey !" she cried, "I'm your own then ;"
And sure, when the fun'ral was o'er,
Old Patrick, the priest, made them one then,
And Molly was thought of no more.

BURNS CENTENARY SONG.

Set to music by JAMES ARMOUR, Esq., and sung by him at the BURNS
CENTENARY DINNER, in the George Inn Assembly Rooms,
Kilmarnock, January 25th, 1859.

COME, let us spend the festal hour,
In honour o' the Bard, man,
Wha by his pathos, wit, and power,
Has won the world's regard, man.
A hundred years hae sped awa
Since first he saw the licht, man,
And still in cottage and in ha'
His glory's beaming bricht, man.

Tho' but a hamely ploughman chiel,
He sweetly tuned the lyre, man,
And auld and young alike did feel
Its witch'ry and its fire, man.
And whiles a dowie lilt he sung,
And whiles a sang o' glee, man,
And whiles a strain that bauldly rung
Like war-cry o' the free, man.

Nor socht he lair to gar him sing
In numbers saft and sweet, man,
But just at nature's simple spring
His whistle he wad weet, man.
And then its sound gaed echoing round,
Sae tender yet sae strang, man,
That Fame declared the ploughman bard
The King of Scottish sang, man.

And sweetly-varied was his strain :
To love it gied a charm, man ;
It gladdened friendship's social scene ;
It nerved the warrior's arm, man ;
On puirtith's cheek it raised a smile ;
It sooth'd the breast of woe, man ;
It made the heart of honest toil
Wi' independence glow, man.

But why his wondrous merits tell ?
Enough to breathe his name, man ;
To every heart it is a spell—
A patriotic flame, man.
Then up wi' Burns, our kintra's pride ;
Nae truer bard hae we, man ;
And ages yet awa shall glide
Ere man his like shall see, man.

TO A BURNIE

Air—"Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure."

BONNIE wee bit wimplin' burnie,
Lane and nameless tho' thou be,
Yet, oh yet, the noblest river
Ne'er was hauf sae dear to me.
When I see thee, like a moonbeam,
Glint alang thy banks sae fair,
Lovely Mary, lang departed,
Seems again to meet me there.

Yes, thou bonnie wee bit burnie,
Winding sweet by wood and brake,
Aft by thee I've met my Mary,
And I lo'e thee for her sake.
Dear to me thy banks o' breckan,
Dear to me thy crystal wave;
To my bosom they are hallowed—
Hallowed as my Mary's grave.

THE LADS WI' THE KILT AND THE PLAID.

Air—"The Campbells are coming."

HURRAH for the lads wi' the kilt and the plaid!
Hurrah for the lads wi' the kilt and the plaid!
When bloody and dark rolls the battle's rough tide,
How gallant the lads wi' the kilt and the plaid!

I trow they were nurs'd 'mang the hills and the plains
Where the glorious spirit of liberty reigns;
Where their young hearts were fired wi' the patriot
flame

That blazes and burns round a Wallace's name.

Hurrah for the lads, &c.

When comes the fierce onset and dangers are rife,
True bold-hearted heroes, they rush to the strife;
The cauld sturdy steel they indignantly draw,
The foemen they flee, or in thousands they fa'.

Hurrah for the lads, &c.

When "Scotland for ever!" resounds o'er the field,
Each arm wi' fresh vigour its weapon doth wield;
Each eye kindles up with a valorous fire;
And each heart for auld Scotia is proud to expire.
Hurrah for the lads, &c.

O lang may the laurels that crown them be green!
And lang may they be, as they often have been,
The shield of our country when dangers betide,
The brave Scottish lads wi' the kilt and the plaid!

Then hurrah for the lads wi' the kilt and the plaid!
Hurrah for the lads wi' the kilt and the plaid!
When bloody and dark rolls the battle's rough tide,
How gallant the lads wi' the kilt and the plaid!

GLIDE ON AMID THE SILVERY WAVES.

Air—"It is not on the battle-field."

GLIDE on amid the silvery waves,
Thou gallant vessel, glide,
And bear me to my Norman dear—
My hope, my joy, my pride.
O fair is he as yon pure sky
In roseate colours dressed,
And sweeter than the beam of light
That gilds the billow's breast.

His voice is like the mellow tones
Of summer's rippling streams ;
And in his smile, so kind and sweet,
The heart's affection beams.
But ah ! perchance on war's red plain,
Deep bathed in blood he lies ;
Perchance the icy hand of death
Has closed his beaming eyes.

Yet will I trace his every step,
Through hamlet, field, or brake;
And should I only find his grave,
I'll kiss it for his sake.
I'll smooth its turf with feeling hand,
And plant, with pious care,
The sweetest flowers from nature's store,
To bloom in beauty there.

But why, oh why, these gloomy thoughts?
He lives! my Norman lives!
For Heaven to virtue and to worth
Its kind protection gives.
Then speed, thou gallant vessel, speed
Across the silvery tide,
And waft me to my Norman dear—
My hope, my joy, my pride.

MY LADDIE LIES LOW.

ALAS! how true the boding voice
That whispered aft to me—
“Thy bonnie lad will ne’er return
To Scotland or to thee!”
O! true it spoke, though hope the while
Shed forth its brightest beam,
For low in death my laddie lies
By Alma’s bloody stream.

I heard the village bells proclaim
That glorious deeds were done;
I heard wi’ joy the gladsome shout,
“The field, the field is won!”
And I thought my lad would come again,
And fair and gay would seem;
But vain the thought! cold, cold he lies
By Alma’s bloody stream.

O! woe to him whose thirst for power
Has rolled the bolts of war,
And made my laddie bleed and die
Frae hame and friends afar.
Alas! his form I ne'er shall see,
Except in fancy's dream;
For low he lies, where brave he fought,
By Alma's bloody stream.

THE BEST THING WI' GEAR IS THE HAINING O'T.

Tune—"The spinning o't."

I TREW there's a charm in a wee pickle gear,
And wha wadna strive at the gaining o't?
It mak's a puir body baith canty and fier,
If honesty's had the obtaining o't.
But haith, it needs guiding, or soon, like the snaw
That melts frae the dyke, it will vanish awa,
And lea'e us wi' nocht but our haffits to claw;
Sae the best thing wi' gear is the haining o't.

Some brag o' the gowpens o' gowd they can mak',
Yet fortune, they're ever complaining o't;
And they see wi' surprise their bit house gaun to
wrack,

Tho' rowth is brocht in for maintainin o't.
But if what is brocht in is unwisely laid out,
Cauld puittith will come wi' its lang wizzent snout,
And mak' the bit meal-pock as souple's a clout;
Sae the best thing wi' gear is the haining o't.

The well that we drink frae is sure to rin dry,
If there's owre muckle tooming and drainin o't;
And then owre its loss how we yamer and sigh,
When there micht hae been plenty remaining o't.
And sae, tho' your pouch were as fu' as a nit,
If ye're owre often in't a' its treasure will flit,
And lea'e you in duds frae the head to the fit;
Sae the best thing wi' gear is the haining o't.



CULLODEN'S BLOODY HEATH.

Air—"Rousseau's Dream."

O'ER the brow of yonder mountain
Twilight's dusky shades appear ;
'Tis the hour when by the fountain
Oft I met my Evan dear. .
Sweet as music's melting numbers
Were the words he then did breathe ;
Now, alas ! in death he slumbers,
On Culloden's bloody heath.

'Neath the noble Marnock's banners,
'Mid the gory conflict's swell,
For his country's rights and honours,
Bold he stood where heroes fell.
And when freedom's knell was sounded,
Still the sword he scorned to sheath,
Till by ruthless vengeance wounded
On Culloden's bloody heath.

Then, when life's last drops were stealing
From my Evan's bleeding breast,
No kind voice, in tones of feeling,
Soothed his dying woes to rest.
But 'tis past: he nobly sleepeth
Nature's flowery turf beneath,
Where my spirit nightly weepeth,
On Culloden's bloody heath.

THE LAIRD O' NEEP KNOWES.

• *Air*—"The Campbells are coming."

COME, drink to the health o' the Laird o' Neep Knowes!
Come, drink to the health o' the Laird o' Neep Knowes!
Aye fair be his rigs and aye thriving his yowes,
For he merits a' blessin's, the Laird o' Neep Knowes.

On the banks o' the Marnock his trig housie stands;
Ye'd think it was biggit wi' wee fairy hands;
Sae cosie it sits whar the clear water rows,
By the side o' the plantin' on bonnie Neep Knowes.

He wins aye our love at the vera first sicht,
As if it was dune by some slee, pauky slicht,
And the langer we ken him the stronger it grows,
Sae furthy's the gait o' the Laird o' Neep Knowes.

He'll lay aff his tale like the wisest o' men,
Or gie ye a sang frae his ain graphic pen,
Or crack a bit joke that will tickle your pows;
He's an auld-farrant carle, the Laird o' Neep Knowes.

And he needsna the maut when he cracks or he sings,
But gie him cauld water just fresh frae the springs,
His kindliest feelings at ance it will rouse,
Sae social and blithe is the Laird o' Neep Knowes.

Then drink to the health o' the Laird o' Neep Knowes!
Then drink to the health o' the Laird o' Neep Knowes!
Aye fair be his rigs and aye thriving his yowes,
For he merits a' blessin's, the Laird o' Neep Knowes!

DRAFF-POCKS HING ON ILKA ANE.

Suggested by the old Scottish saying, "Every ane has his ain draff-pock."

SOME fain would gar a body trew
They ne'er hae fauts ava,
And aye are pure as simmer's dew,
Or winter's driven snaw;
But search wi' carefu' scannin' e'e
Beneath their outward cloak,
And in some neuk you're sure to see
Their ain weel-fill'd draff-pock.

Even men o' lair, wha write and tauk
To mak' us a' gang richt,
Just try them in the weighing-bauk,
Ye'll fin' them scrimpit wecht.
Na, even our ain Mess John himsel',
The idol o' his flock,
Tho' douce he seems, I'm wae to tell,
He has his ain draff-pock.

Yes, draff-pocks hing on ilka ane ;
This truth nae man can doubt ;
“Some hing afore, some hing ahin’,
Some hing a’ round about.”
Sae ere at ithers ye gaffaw,
Or raise the senseless joke,
Correct yoursel’ and fling awa
Your ain ill-faur’d draff-pock.

OUR SACRED HA’.

Respectfully inscribed to the R.W.M., Wardens and Brethren of
Kilmarnock Kilwinning St John’s Lodge, No. 22.

SOME seek to lord it o’er their kind,
And act the tyrant’s part,
Some seek the seeds of strife to sow,
And sever heart frae heart ;
But taught by that Omniscient Power,
Who says—“Be love your law,”
We nurse the nobler virtues here,
Within our sacred ha’.

Here seated midst the mystic light,
What social charms are ours!
The wintry night seems blithe as day,
When simmer spreads her flowers.
Here harmony pervades the scene,
While friendship sweetens a',
And links us in ae happy band,
Within our sacred ha'.

And still in every brother's breast
May love fraternal reign;
And oh, may discord never dare
Our pleasures to restrain.
And never in our social cup
May care infuse its ga',
But lang may peace and joy be ours,
Within our sacred ha'.

WHEN FIRST I GAED COURTING
MY NANNIE

Air—"The mucking o' Geordie's byre."

WHEN first I gaed courting my Nannie,
Some said wi' a jeering gaffaw,
"What think ye, our neebour, young Sawney,
Is wooing auld Lucky M'Craw.
Gude guide us! she might be his mither;
She's toothless, she's wrinkled, and thin;
And a beard that's as brown as the heather
Is rising in tufts on her chin."

But I kent that auld Nannie had siller
Would keep me fu' cheerie and snug;
And in spite o' their tauk I gaed till her,
And whispered my love in her lug.
And ne'er was a young thing o' twenty
Mair couthie and cadgie, I trew;
O wow! but the body was canty
When I took a bit kiss o' her mou'.

And now we are buckled thegither;
And tho' we're a queer-looking pair,
We're happy and pleased wi' ilk ither,
And what could a body hae mair?
And what tho' ilk neebour still clavers
'Bout me and my auld-fashion'd wife?
I laugh in my sleeve at their havers,
For my bread is now baikit for life!

YON WEE BIT COT BY BONNIE DOON.

O! mony a canty hame I've seen
In rural vale and city fair;
And often by their hearths I've been,
And quaffed the cup of pleasure there.
But oh! the sweetest hame I've kent,
In lonely vale or busy toun,
Was yon wee cot where youth was spent,
Upon the banks o' bonnie Doon.

The lambkins on the gowany leas,
The stream slow-winding on its way,
The blackbird 'mang the ivied trees,
The linnet on the broomy brae—
A' charmed my heart, when wandering there
At eve, at morning, or at noon;
Nae gloomy thought, nae bitter care,
Then wrung my heart by bonnie Doon.

Sweet spot! where'er I chance to stray,
I see its woods in beauty wave;
I see the kirk, wi' years grown grey;
I see a father's humble grave;
I see the auld brig span the stream;
I hear the water's soothing soun':
Oh! would it were again my hame,
Yon wee bit cot by bonnie Doon!

JEANIE LANG.

Air—"Bonnie Doon."

AFT has my bosom happy been,
Sweet Irvine, by thy bonnie stream,
When owre thy woods and braes sae green
Blithe simmer shed her gowden beam.
And, oh! what tender bliss was mine,
When first, thy dewy flowers amang,
I sat beside yon lofty pine
Wi' modest, winsome Jeanie Lang.

The broom bloomed yellow on the brae,
And by its side the gowan sweet,
And thou, fair stream, didst croon a lay
O' saftest music at our feet;
Amang the branches o' the pine
The mavis sung its sweetest sang;
And a' in concert seemed to join,
To please my winsome Jeanie Lang.

Then glowed my heart wi' brightest hopes,
But fause, fause was their witchin' gleam,
And short-lived as the dewy drops
That vanish in the mornin' beam.
Wi' joy we set the bridal day;
But meikle dool and wae it brang;
For, oh! it saw the kirkyaird clay
Wrapt roun' my winsome Jeanie Lang.

AGAIN WE'RE MET IN MERRY MOOD.

Written for the Kilmarnock Burns Club, January 25, 1861.

Air—"A man's a man for a' that."

AGAIN we're met in merry mood
Wi' bickers reaming fu', man,
To sing the sang, and ca' the crack,
In honour o' the ploughman.
Then come, we'll toast the ploughman chiel,
The noble-hearted ploughman,
Whase very name gars ilka Scot
Cock up his bonnet blue, man.

He's no like some that shine awee,
 Syne vanish frae the view, man ;
For aye as ilka year comes round,
 Mair glorious seems the ploughman.
Then come, we'll toast the ploughman chiel,
 The ever-charming ploughman,
Whase very name gars ilka Scot
 Cock up his bonnet blue, man.

He skilfu' struck ilk bosom-chord,
 For ilka chord he knew, man ;
And sae the heart, responsive, pays
 Its homage to the ploughman.
Then come, we'll toast the ploughman chiel,
 The soul-enchancing ploughman,
Whase very name gars ilka Scot
 Cock up his bonnet blue, man.

The laverock lilting in the lift,
 New sprung frae fields o' dew, man,
Ne'er sings a sweeter, truer sang
 Than Scotia's canty ploughman.
Then come, we'll toast the ploughman chiel,
 The bosom-thrilling ploughman,
Whase very name gars ilka Scot
 Cock up his bonnet blue, man.

Nor were his sangs but empty sounds ;
For wit and sense, I trew, man,
Aye took their place in ilka line
That cam' frae Rab, the ploughman.
Then come, we'll toast the ploughman chiel,
The truth-inspiring ploughman,
Whase very name gars ilka Scot
Cock up his bonnet blue, man.

Now to your feet—your bicker grip,
We'll pledge the Bard anew, man—
The first o' nature's minstrel-band—
The truly gifted ploughman.
Yes, let us toast the ploughman chiel,
The great, the glorious ploughman,
Whase name will aye gar ilka Scot
Cock up his bonnet blue, man.

SANDY PATRICK'S BARLEY-BREE.*

THE morning sun, wi' rosy licht,
Will soon be glintin' o'er the plain ;
Sae, lads, we now maun bid "guid nicht,"
But soon, I hope, we'll meet again.
For here wi' Muir, the wale o' men,
Wi' Samson shrewd, and Goudie slee,
Life's ilka hour I'd blithely spen'
O'er Sandy Patrick's barley-bree.

Oh, leese me on the social hours !
For what were life without its joys ?
A dreary desert wanting flowers—
A scene o'erspread wi' sunless skies.
And cauld is he that wadna prize
The canty crack, the sang, the glee,
The happy jokes and thochts that rise,
O'er Sandy Patrick's barley-bree.

* In Sandy Patrick's public-house, which was situated near the foot of Back Street, Kilmarnock, Robert Burns used sometimes to spend a merry evening with Tam Samson, John Goudie, Robert Muir, and other Kilmarnock acquaintances. The above verses are supposed to embody his sentiments on taking leave of them on such occasions.


Now, fare-ye-weel! but tho' we part,
We'll meet again if a' be fier,
And closer sowther heart to heart
In social love and friendship dear.
Meantime it is my prayer sincere,
That Heaven to you ilk joy may gie,
And often mak' you happy here,
O'er Sandy Patrick's barley-bree.

LIFE'S STEEP THORNÝ BRAE FOR YOURSEL' YE MAUN SPEEL

MAN, Jock, ye ken nocht o' this wearifu' life,
Wi' its ups and its douns, and its cares and its strife;
In warldly experience ye're yet but a bairn,
And something that's usefu', I trew, ye should learn;
But while ye get learning, be sure to get sense,
And ne'er lean on ithers for pounds or for pence;
For, mind ye, if here ye wad thrive and do weel,
Life's steep thorny brae for yoursel' ye maun speel.

Be kind to ilk ane that ye meet on life's way,
For kindness brings kindness wharever we gae;
And ne'er sit ye down while your health is in tift,
Expectin' some birkie to gie ye a lift;
For lang ye may sit ere a body come near
To help ye alang wi' his love or his gear;
But if ye wad prosper at hame or a-fiel',
Life's steep thorny brae for yoursel' ye maun speel.

A life that is thowless may answer the few
Wha were born wi' a braw siller spoon in their mou';
But he that is bare as the birk-tree at Yule,
And has a' things to learn in adversity's schule,
Should haud to the wark, and exert ilka nerve,
Or else like some puir daidlin' loon he will starve,
And few, when he's yaup, for his hardships will feel,
Sae life's thorny brae for yoursel' ye maun speel.



VICTORIOUS BE AGAIN.

HURRAH! hurrah! we've glory won,
And brighter blazes Freedom's sun,
But daring deeds must yet be done,
 To curb Oppression's reign.
Like wintry clouds in masses rolled,
Our foes are thickening on the wold;
Then up! then up! be firm—be bold!
 Victorious be again!

Tho' red with gore your path may be,
It leads to glorious liberty;
Remember, God is with the free—
 The brave he will sustain.
The tyrant fears the coming fight;
He fears the power of Truth and Right;
Then up! then up! in all your might!
 Victorious be again!

OUR AULD SCOTS SANGS.

OH! weel I lo'e our auld Scots sangs,
The mournfu' and the gay;
They charmed me by a mither's knee,
In bairnhood's happy day.
And even yet, tho' owre my pow
The snaws of age are flung,
The bluid louns joyfu' in my veins,
Whene'er I hear them sung.

They bring the fond smile to the cheek,
Or tear-drap to the e'e;
They bring to mind auld cronies kind,
Wha sung them aft wi' glee:
We seem again to hear the voice
Of mony a lang-lost frien';
We seem again to grip the hand
That lang in dust has been.

And oh, how true our auld Scots sangs,
When nature they pourtray !
We think we hear the wee bit burn
Gaun bickerin' doun the brae ;
We see the spot, tho' far awa,
Where first life's breath we drew,
And a' the gowden scenes of youth
Are rising to the view.

And dear I lo'e the wild war strains
Our langsyne minstrels sung :
They rouse wi' patriotic fires
The hearts of auld and young ;
And even the dowie dirge that wails
Some brave but ruined band,
Inspires us wi' a warmer love
For hame and fatherland.

Yes, leese me on our auld Scots sangs—
The sangs of love and glee—
The sangs that tell of glorious deeds,
That made auld Scotland free.
What tho' they sprung frae simple bards,
Wha kent nae rules of art,
They ever, ever yield a charm
That lingers round the heart.

ENGLISH POEMS.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THY grave's among a thousand graves,
And no memorial marks the spot,
Save the wild flower that o'er it waves—
The simple, sweet forget-me-not ;
Yet well I know that little mound
From all the countless heaps around.

At morn or eve, when wandering there,
Within that "city of the dead,"
It needs no stone, with sculpture fair,
To lead me to thy narrow bed ;
Ah ! no ; affection deep, sincere,
Points to thy grave, my mother dear.

And oh! methinks 'tis sweeter far
To rest in humble grave like thee,
Where day's fair orb, or evening's star,
Beams o'er the green turf bright and free;
And where the wilding flowers are seen
Bursting the grassy blades between.

And in that light that o'er thee streams,
And in those flow'rets budding forth,
Methinks a something ever seems
To tell me of thy spotless worth;
For in our little family bower
Thou wert the sunshine and the flower.

What boots it though no stone doth tell
Who in that lone grave lowly lies?
To me it hath a tongue—a spell
That wakes a thousand sympathies—
That brightens up departed years,
As morn the misty landscape clears.

Even now, I see thy loving look;
I hear thy soothing voice again,
Soft as the whisper of the brook
Sweet stealing through some lonely glen,
And gentle as the breeze of June,
'Mong fragrant fields at sunny noon.

Yes, in that quiet, simple spot,
 'Tis meet thy sacred dust should lie;
And, oh! though others heed it not,
 I cannot coldly pass it by;
For tender memories of thee
Endear its very turf to me.

S O N N E T.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

If yet there lingers in this earthly sphere
One virtue that partakes of heaven above,
'Tis that which constitutes a mother's love,
And speaks the soul of tenderness sincere:
It lives in all her looks, and in the tear
She weeps while bending o'er her dying child,
Whose blossom of existence has grown sere,
Just as in infant loveliness it smiled.
Yes! riches may forsake us—friends may change,
And leave us lonely in affliction's hour;
But nought, O nought from us can e'er estrange
A mother's love, or quell its soothing power.
Through weal, through woe, she blesses us, and even
In death's last throes she prays for us to Heaven.

THE BARD.

Originally printed in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal."

Who are the teachers of the Bard? All things:
Spring, clothing, as in love, the forest bare;
Summer, in rose-wreathed robes; and Autumn fair,
With golden fruits; and Winter wild, when rings
The storm's rude music: all to him are springs
Of deep entrancement and of solemn thought—
Pure founts of inspiration, whence are brought
The luscious sweets that on the world he flings.
The bright-winged insect sailing in the light,
The flower, the stream, the rock, the tree, the bird,
The sky at sunny noon, or star-lit night,
The sea when calm, or when by tempests stirred,
He scans; and raptured with the themes sublime,
He sings his noble strains that perish but with time.

'Tis not alone the streams, the woods, the flowers,
The gorgeous sunsets, or the star-gemmed night,
Or ocean lashed by the wild tempest's might,
That wake the Poet's sympathetic powers;

To man, to all, his love, his heart is given ;
And woman's smile to him is dearer far
Than purest lustre of the loveliest star,
That bursts in beauty from the blue of heaven.
He revels 'mid the sweetness of her charms,
As wild bee 'mong the rose's purple leaves ;
Love's tenderest, holiest glow his bosom warms ;
And midst his joy he, all impassioned, weaves
His deathless songs that charm us as they flow,
And, next to woman fair, crown all our bliss below.

The Poet's heart to all that's tender clings :
How sweet he sings a mother's melting love !
We feel as if an angel from above .
Were hovering near us, uttering heavenly things.
And hark ! how sad, how solemn is his strain
O'er Beauty's bier ! All mournfully it flows
As winds that sweep the vales at Autumn's close,
Wailing the loss of Flora's golden train.
For joy he has a smile, for woe a tear—
A tear that soothes as dew the sun-dried flowers ;
Even childhood's guileless glee to him is dear ;
It calls to mind his own sweet early hours,
When blithe he frolicked by a mother's knee,
Or gambolled with his peers on daisy-dotted lea.

Even man's dark passions are to him a school :
Within their awful vortex, deep and wild,
Germs of bright intellect and hopes that smiled,
He sees engulfed ; as in some yawning pool
The wind-blown seed is lost that might have been
A towering tree upon the mountain steep,
Or in the vale, sheltering the "ourie sheep,"
Or shivering kine from Winter's tempests keen.
But chief, the nobler attributes of mind,
And warm affections he delights to note ;
With them his finest sympathies are twined ;
And virtue, whether found in hall or cot,
In ermined robes or garments thin and bare,
To him has countless charms, all sweet, all heavenly fair.

When Freedom is his theme, how bold his lays
Peal forth in glorious music from his lyre !
Man, tyrant-trodden, kindles at his fire,
And dark oppression trembles to its base.
And mark his warmth, his eloquence divine,
When meek Religion, all her charms revealing,
Inspires his soul with high and holy feeling,
Bidding him sing at Truth's eternal shrine.
Then, like the voice of Spring, when crowned with
wreaths,
And decked in dewy pearls she walks the plains,

His every tone of coming glory breathes,
And as entranced we hang upon his strains,
An upward impulse to the soul is given,
And round us seem to float the harmonies of heaven.

Then who the Poet's glorious gift would slight?
As the fair moon, when she her charms unveils,
Sheds a soft radiance 'mong the hills and dales,
Cheering each lone scene through the silent night;
So 'mong his fellow-men his thoughts he throws—
Each thought soul-breathed—a world-refining light,
That makes the dark spots of the mind more bright,
And soothes the heart amid its night of woes;
Or, as the morning's smile to dew-belled flowers,
Are the rich beamings of his ardent soul
To weary man; they gild life's gloomy hours,
As streaks the sun the sombre clouds that roll
Athwart his path, when, beauteous, he comes forth,
Scattering his golden glories o'er the gladsome earth.



IN MEMORIAM.

THE flowers of June in glen and glade
Displayed their fairest, sweetest bloom,
When thou, Eliza dear, wert laid
Within the cold and silent tomb,
No more to cheer me with thy smile,
Amid the weary hours of toil.

Yes, nature shone in radiant bloom ;
The sun diffused his golden light ;
But all to me was wrapt in gloom,
Dark as the shades of darkest night ;
And scenes once sweet no pleasure gave ;
My thoughts were with thee in the grave.

Ah ! well I mind when death laid low
Our little ones, so sweet and fair,
Our home was then the home of woe ;
But thou wert left to ward despair,
To soothe me in affliction's day,
And chase the tears of grief away.

And now, like them we loved so dear,
Thou to the darksome grave hast gone;
And I alone must wander here,
To brood o'er joys for ever flown,
Like one from all the world exiled,
Uncheered by voice of wife or child.

Alone! the thought how sad! how drear!
All looks like desert bleak and bare;
And yet methinks thou still art here,
Tending our home with prudent care,
And making it, with deeds of love,
A humble type of heaven above.

I see thee as thou wert when young,
Sweet as the morning's infant beam,
Pure as the violet newly sprung
By some sequestered woodland stream,
And lovely as the wayside rose
Suffused with dew at evening's close.

But why doth fancy thus pourtray
What now, alas! can never be?
Thy form is mingling with the clay—
'Tis but thy vacant chair I see;
Yet even in vision it is sweet
With thee, Eliza, thus to meet.

I'll miss thee by the evening hearth,
Where oft thou'dst sing some simple lay,
Or tell some tale of harmless mirth
To drive each gloomy thought away ;
For thou wert ever proud, I ween,
To make our home a happy scene.

I'll miss thee in the summer hours
Within our little garden-plot,
Where frequent 'mong thy favourite flowers
Thou'dst nurse the fair forget-me-not,
That now in fancy seems to me
A sweet memorial of thee.

I'll miss thee when I chance to stray
By vale or stream where oft we've been,
And where thou'dst linger on the way,
Charmed with some flower-bespangled scene ;
For such thou lov'dst by wood or wild,
With all the fondness of a child.

I'll miss thee even in crowds ; for there,
Though worth and beauty round me throng,
I'll find no form to me so fair—
No heart that beats with love so strong
As glowed in thine, through weal, or woe,
Till thou in death wert lying low.

Ah! I will miss thee everywhere;
But in my dreams thy gentle form,
Thy loving eye and modest air,
Will oft appear and yield a charm
To soothe me as I journey on
To the dark grave where thou hast gone.

BURNS CENTENARY POEM.

This Poem, which was written for the Burns Centenary, January 25, 1859, and for which the Kilmarnock Gold Medal was awarded, was read at the Centenary Dinner, in the George Inn Assembly Rooms, by the Chairman, ARCHIBALD FINNIE, Esquire of Springhill, Provost of Kilmarnock.

OH! many a glorious name is ours,
And many a thrilling bard we claim,
Whose garlands of poetic flowers
Are woven with our country's fame;
But round fair Scotia's honoured brow
'Twas Burns the brightest wreath did twine;
And well, to-night, may thousands bow
In homage at his hallowed shrine.

Are nature's lovely charms his theme?
How truthfully his numbers flow!
We hear the murmuring of the stream;
We hear the westland breezes blow;
We see, as o'er his page we pore,
The "daisy" blooming at our feet;
We feel the dewy "hawthorn hoar"
Around us shed its fragrance sweet.

And when he mourns departed worth,
Or beauty laid in death at rest,
How sad he breathes his sorrows forth!
How keen the anguish of his breast!
We seem to feel affliction's throes;
We seem to drop the pitying tear;
We seem to stand oppressed with woes
Beside some loved one's early bier.

And mark his independent strain!
It fires the soul of humankind;
It curbs the petty tyrant's reign,
And fosters nobleness of mind;
It makes the poor man stand elate,
Uncaring Grandeur's frown or smile,
And tells him *Worth* alone is great,
Though doomed in penury to toil.

And who is he that does not feel
Devotion in the "Cottar's Night,"
As all in artless reverence kneel
Before the God of life and light?
Of humble piety and prayer
What truer picture e'er was given,
To lure the soul from earthly care,
And lap it in the bliss of heaven?

And when the stirring strain is heard
Of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
We kindle at each burning word—
We walk the earth with firmer tread;
And taught by that ennobling lay,
We nurse the patriotic flame—
We proudly scorn the tyrant's sway,
And glory in a freeman's name.

Then let us honour Scotia's Bard,
And toast his name with feelings warm;
For oh! though many a lyre is heard,
'Tis his that yields the sweetest charm;
'Tis his that strongly stirs at will
The deepest passions of the soul;
'Tis his the human heart shall thrill
Till time itself has ceased to roll.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF HUGH MACDONALD,
AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES ROUND GLASGOW," ETC.

AND art thou gone, dear friend? Alas! it seems
As if but one short day had glided by
Since last I saw thee, full of life and joy,
And roamed with thee along the moorland streams.
Yes, thou art gone, sweet Rambler, to thy rest;
But long thy pages, sparkling as the smile
Of sunny spring, will many a care beguile,
And wake delight in many a feeling breast.
Thou didst not soar with bold, poetic flight;
But who so well could paint the lowly flower
Glinting, half-hid, in some lone, leafy bower,
Or sweetly opening to the vernal light?
Thy voice was nature's voice, and few like thee
Could sing her simple charms by mountain, wood,
or lea.

March, 1860.

H O M E.

Written in the Summer of 1850.

MY Lyre! though still unknown to fame thou art,
Awake again! let Home be now thy theme;
For, oh! that word is sacred to my heart;
Its very sound, like some enchanting dream,
Enkindles in my soul fond thoughts, that seem
To bear me back to years long passed away,
When happy looks and smiles of love would beam
From those now mouldering in the silent clay,
Unconscious that I still through life's dark mazes stray.

In fancy's eye appear sweet boyhood's haunts:
The tranquil mill-stream near my father's cot;
The woody dell that by its margin slants;
Ah! these are scenes that ne'er can be forgot;
Bathed in ethereal sunshine seems each spot.
The tall elm-tree, on which my name I graved,
Though now o'ergrown with many a gnarled knot,
Still waves beside the stream as erst it waved,
When 'neath it, in the pool, my youthful limbs I laved.

Before me rise the braes I loved to climb
Adventurous for the little songster's nest;
All fair they seem, as in that blissful time,
With bud, and leaf, and sun-lit blossom dress'd.
The verdant meadow that my feet oft press'd,
When in the village-sports I joined with glee,
Blooms on my sight, and wakes within my breast
A train of recollections dear to me,
Of happy, happy days, I never more shall see.

Yet, oh, in fancy let me linger there;
The spot is with my dearest feelings twined;
There first I felt a father's tender care,
And knew a mother's love, sincere and kind;
Not for a moment to my welfare blind,
At morn, at eve, they'd point out virtue's road,
And store, with holy truths, my youthful mind—
Truths that allure the soul from earth to God—
From man's debasing haunts to angels' bless'd abode.

While thus I ponder on life's early day,
Across my mind what sad reflections come!
How many hearts that then our hearth made gay
Now sleep the dreamless slumber of the tomb!
Yet, from my natal spot can memory roam?

Ah, no! the very graves of kindred dear,
Are sacred links that chain my soul to Home;
They tell of many a woe, of many a tear
That flowed, when friends beloved were laid on death's
dark bier.

But deem not *all* was sad; for there were joys
And smiles that charmed my dear paternal hearth;
At eve, when toil was o'er, would frequent rise
The song of guileless love or strain of mirth.
The tale of ruthless war or suffering worth
Would then go round, creating in each breast
The wish—the virtuous wish—that o'er the earth
Sweet peace would spread her wings—that man would
rest
From all unholy strife, and make his fellow bless'd.

And then, perhaps, would Bunyan's page be read,
Or book that told of Scotia's martyrs brave,
Or how a Wallace for his country bled,
Or how a Bruce his bleeding land did save.
Ah! these were sweet, ennobling hours, that gave
The germs of noble feelings to the mind—
Feelings that, till the darkness of the grave
Shall hide me from the world, my heart shall bind
To Home, delightful Home, where all was good and
kind.

Home! Home! yes, sacred is that little word!

When breathed to war's lone captive in his cell,
Sweet thoughts, as if by magic's influence stirred,
Rush on his soul. His long-lost native dell

He dreams is still his home; the Sabbath bell
Chimes on his ear; his wife, his children fair

Before him stand; but ah! he starts! the spell
Is broken; no kind wife or child is there:

Alas! war's bitter woes his heart must longer bear.

And say, what soothes the mariner, far away

On distant seas, when round him tempests rise;
When ocean dashes to the heaven its spray,

And darkness, ominous, enshrouds the skies?

Oh! 'tis the thought of Home! His fancy hies
To love's young bower, in sylvan beauty dress'd;

His Mary meets him there with laughing eyes;
And, in the happy moment, to his breast

He clasps the lovely maid, and mid the storm is
bless'd.

The exile, too, that from his country dear

Tyrannic laws have haply driven away,
Feels all entranced when on his ravished ear

The name of Home is breathed in some sweet lay;

He sees the brother that, in boyhood's day,

Would with him roam the wood or climb the hill ;
He sees the sister, innocent and gay,
That gathered wild flowers with him by the rill ;
And in the golden dream what thoughts his bosom
fill !

Yes, dear is home ! Whatever be our lot,
'Tis still a verdant Eden in our sight ;
Earth's richest clime can show no lovelier spot.
The fields, how green ! the lakes and streams how
bright !
The air, how sweet ! the sun, how mild its light !
The birds, how charming ! and the flowers, how fair !
Oh ! 'tis a Paradise of pure delight,
That from the soul no earthly power can tear,
For, wander where we will, our hearts are centred
there.

MY EARLY HOME

WITHIN a lonely vale it stood—
My first, my dear-loved early home;
Behind it rose an aged wood,
Where oft, enraptured, I would roam
Along its alleys green;
For countless joys to me were there,
When morning broke in radiance fair,
Or when sweet eve, with softened air,
Smiled beauteous o'er the scene.

And near it was a little stream
That bard ne'er hallowed with his song;
Yet oh! 'twas bliss itself to dream
Beside it as it flowed along
In beauty down the dale.
Its gentle music's rise and fall
With transport would the soul enthrall;
Like harp-tones in some festive hall
It charmed that happy vale.

And when the joyous June arrayed
The banks and braes with golden broom,
And zephyrs 'mong the green leaves played,
All laden with the rich perfume
That many a blossom shed ;
O, then, 'twas sweet delight to me,
To linger by some dell or lea,
Amid the flowery luxury
That nature there had spread.

Lone at the landscape's utmost bound
There stood an old baronial tower
That oft would waken thoughts profound
Of time's unconquerable power,
Of worth and beauty's fall ;
Struck with its ruin-rents sublime,
Its broken turrets I would climb,
While fancy roamed through vanished time,
Peopling each vacant hall.

And pleasant was our little cot :
It stood beside the murmuring stream ;
Ambitious pride might know it not,
For poor and lowly it did seem ;
But it was rich to me.

Beside its humble porch were heard
The music of the woodland bird,
And 'mong the flowers, by soft winds stirred,
The hum of wandering bee.

Ah! now the busy town has stretched
To that sweet streamlet's very brim,
And scenes that nature once enriched
Dark wreaths of smoke make dull and dim;
Even the old wood looks bare;
Huge human dwellings thicken round;
But where, oh, where are to be found
The pure, the simple joys that crown'd
My youthful moments there?

WINTER.

BORNE on his tempest-driven car,
Lo! weary Winter's come ;
And snow-wreaths lie where flowerets grew
Around the peasant's home.
Beneath the blast the naked woods
In doleful cadence sigh,
As if they mourned in deepest woe
Their faded drapery.

How bleak the banks that lately bloomed
In Summer's flowery pride!
No wild rose sheds its fragrant sweets
Along the streamlet's side ;
No little bird in bower or brake,
Pours forth its liquid strains ;
No insect hums ; but round and round
A dreary dulness reigns.

Yet still amid the sullen gloom
Of Winter wild and rude,
To nature's votary each spot
With beauty is imbued :
Where green leaves on the willows grew,
Above the limpid stream,
Lo! icy pearls, like silvery drops,
In countless numbers gleam.

And see! the dark pines on the steep
Are decked with crispy snow ;
And strange fantastic frost-wrought forms
Adorn the rocks below.
Even by the woodland's shadowy path,
Where faintly beams the day,
All beauteous seems each little nook
In nature's white array.

But solemn thoughts wild Winter wakes :
It lifts the mind on high,
And seems to say, " Frail man, take heed,
Thy winter draweth nigh ;
For soon beneath the frost of age
Thou'lt languish and decay,
And, like the Autumn's withered leaves,
Be mixed with kindred clay."

Ah! these are thoughts that stir the soul
Of him that thinks aright;
Oh! may they oft recur to us
Ere comes death's dreamless night;
And may our actions godlike be
Through all life's toils and pains,
That we may gain a fairer world
Where Winter never reigns.

THE VILLAGE THORN.

SWEET village thorn! sweet village thorn!
Though now thy boughs are bleak and sere;
Though time's rude storms thy trunk have torn,
Yet still to me thy form is dear;
Thou wak'st the sad yet pleasing sigh,
O'er perished hopes and faded joy.

Sweet village thorn! sweet village thorn!
When nature's leafy robes were thine,
And o'er me smiled blithe boyhood's morn,
What bosom-thrilling bliss was mine,
With gay compeers beneath thy spray,
At sunny noon or evening grey!

Then towered aloft thy dark green boughs,
 Enriching with their bloom the spot
Where, fringed with wild flowers, calmly flows
 The mill-stream by the ivied cot;
Where parents once, with love and pride,
My feeble infant steps would guide.

No more beside that cottage hearth
 A mother's tender words I hear;
No more a sister's voice of mirth,
 Like mellowed music, meets mine ear;
No more a sire, with pious care,
Imparts fair virtue's precepts there.

And where are they? Destroying death,
 That visits all with silent tread,
And breathes unseen his withering breath,
 His bitter blight hath o'er them shed.
In yonder grave they sleep unknown,
Where winds with mournful murmurs moan.

Yet oft, though long to dust allied,
 In fancy's dear delicious dream
Their sainted forms before me glide,
 And looks of kindness on me beam,
As if they smiled to soothe and bless
My bosom in its loneliness.

Sweet village thorn ! beneath thy shade
What scenes of festive mirth have been,
When smiling youth and laughing maid,
Fair as the summer eve serene,
Would meet beside thee, lovely tree,
In artless rustic revelry !

Here frequent, too, the aged came,
And village news would jocund tell,
Or talk of war's unhallowed game,
How nations rose and monarchs fell ;
While youngsters listening gathered near,
Amazed the tales of blood to hear.

And when sweet Sabbath smiled, and all
Was softly hushed in stillness deep
Save sky-lark's song, or water-fall
That foamed adown the neighbouring steep,
Or whispering breeze that bore perfume
From daisied dell and bank of broom ;

Then, 'neath thy shade, so sweet and lone—
So rich, so fragrant, and so calm—
Some little family-group would con
The sacred text or holy psalm ;
While hoary matron, seated near,
Would tell them of a happier sphere.

Now all is changed ; but though decay
Its chilling air hath o'er thee breathed,
Yet with my dreams of life's young day
Thy wonted foliage will be wreathed ;
And memory oft, at eve or morn,
Will turn to thee, sweet village thorn.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

THOU comest, Spring, arrayed in richest green,
Thou comest with thy coronal of flowers,
Bringing sweet music to the woodland bowers,
And life and gladness to each rural scene.
But now to me no charm has flower or song ;
Joyless I hear the lark's blithe warblings ring ;
Joyless I see the little daisy spring
On the green slopes where Irvine glides along ;
For ah ! the Friend that wandered with me there,
Talking of nature's loveliness, is gone ;
And though around me all is sweet and fair,
My fancy centres in the churchyard lone,
Where he, in whom the kindest heart was found,
Now low in darkness sleeps beneath yon grassy mound.

February, 1863.

ON THE DEATH OF ADAM M'KAY,

BORN JANUARY 24TH, 1804, DIED JANUARY 11TH, 1868.

ORT has the dreary cloud of death
Around me cast its joyless gloom,
And ah! again another friend
Has sunk into the tomb.

Nay more; a brother dear was he
Who now, alas! is lowly laid
To sleep the long, the dreamless sleep,
Among the silent dead.

Now memory wanders o'er the past,
And all its scenes before me seem,
Where we, when little striplings, played
Beside our native stream.

In fancy's dream I see him there,
Blithe rambling 'mong the vernal flowers,
Or searching for the wild bird's nest
In summer's sunny hours.

I see him on the village green,
Where oft from noon till evening's fall,
He'd gambol with his school compeers,
The gayest of them all.

I see him by our parents' hearth,
Attentive to the words of love,
That there were breathed to raise our thoughts
From earth to heaven above.

I see him in maturer years,
With independent, manly mind,
And open heart that ever proved
Affectionate and kind.

I hear him mix in friendly talk,
From every narrow feeling free;
I see him in the social hour,
The soul of harmless glee.

For all he had a generous smile,
To all he stretched a kindly hand;
For man he loved whate'er his creed,
Whate'er his rank or land.

Yes, such was he ; and well for him
The sad, the mourning tear may flow ;
For ne'er, ah ! ne'er, a warmer heart
Will greet us here below.

S O N N E T.

Written in the neighbourhood of Loudoun Kirk, October, 1851.

How sweet upon this rustic bridge to rest,
Amid the depths of solitude profound,
And gaze upon the glorious scene around,
In all the mellow tints of Autumn dress'd.
Here no rude sounds the soul's deep joys molest :
Even the lone streamlet, in the glen below,
Scarce breathes, as if it feared, with noisy flow,
To break the stillness of a scene so bless'd.
Sweet spot of woodland and of stream ! in thee
What charms of sylvan loveliness combine !
Here might the Atheist on each object see
The impress of Omnipotence divine ;
Here God's o'erpowering influence might he feel,
And, wrapt in solemn thought, before Him lowly kneel.

THE POET'S WALK.

At morn he seeks the upland wood,
Where some lone streamlet's waters roll;
And, midst the sylvan solitude,
What aspirations fire his soul,
As round he turns his musing eye
On valley, mountain, sea, and sky!

Along the elm-arched path he strays,
Where, here and there, through foliage green,
The vernal sunlight glittering plays,
Gilding each leaf with golden sheen,
And brightening many a lone recess
With hues of sweetest loveliness.

And there each little warbler's lay,
Each tiny rill and floweret coy,
To him the dearest charms convey;
And while he shares in "nature's joy,"
On wings of praise his spirit soars
To Him who nature's temple stores.

Perchance, upon some moss-spread stone
He leans, the tall oak's boughs beneath,
While viewless lyres, with softest tone,
Around him heavenly music breathe,
And waft his soul to fairyland,
Where all is beautiful and bland.

Or o'er the cairn that marks the spot,
Where sleeps the dust of martyr bold,
He loves to pore; while round him float
Bright visions of the days of old—
Days when for truth and Scotland's right,
Our fathers dared the tyrant's might.

While thus entranced he speaks in song;
His music is a stream of bliss,
That, sweetly-murmuring, rolls along,
To all diffusing happiness,
And spreading treasures richer far
Than ocean's hidden pearls are.

THE FATHER TO HIS DYING CHILD.

June, 1845.

My lovely child ! my lovely child !
Thou, too, art hastening to the tomb ;
Thy lips that late in beauty smiled,
Seem lifeless ; and the rosy bloom
That mantled o'er thy cheek so fair
Has fled, and death's pale hues are there.

Thy bosom heaves with suffering deep ;
But soon shall end thy troubles here ;
And thou shalt calmly rest where sleep
Thy brothers and thy sisters dear,
Who sunk into the silent clay,
Like thee, in childhood's sunny day.*

* Eight children of the same family previously died in youth.

Who now, with voice of love and mirth,
And looks from guile and sadness free,
Will charm our hearts, and make our hearth
The happy scene of harmless glee?
Ah, none! for in the grave's deep shade
Soon shall our loved ones all be laid.

Lo! through the lattice brightly beams
The summer sun, as if 'twould tell
Of verdant meads, and gushing streams,
And songs of birds in yonder dell,
Where oft beside me thou wouldst stray,
Gathering the wild flowers by the way.

But ne'er again, sweet child, shalt thou
There wander playful by my side,
For death's cold dews are on thy brow;
And summer now, in all her pride
And radiant bloom, in vain to thee
Her glory spreads o'er glen and lea.

Thy favourite flower, the daisy meek,
No more thy little hands will pull;
But oft, in fancy's ear, 'twill speak
Of thee, so sweet, so beautiful!
And haply wake for thee the sigh
When thy young dust in earth doth lie.

Yet happy, happy is thy doom ;
For blest are they that early die,
And leave this vale of grief and gloom
While yet in childhood's purity ;
But oh ! when heart is knit to heart,
How sad, how painful 'tis to part !

Farewell ! loved innocent, farewell !
Perhaps ere flies another day,
Relentless death's appalling knell
Will me, too, summon to the clay ;
O, then may I, from earth set free,
In bliss eternal meet with thee.

SONNET.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

How beautiful the lonely mountain stream !
In all its native wildness, down the steep
It nobly rolls ; then lost its waters seem
Beneath the dark boughs of the forest deep ;
Then bursting on the sight, with gentle sweep
It glides in silvery brightness ; and again
O'er fern-fringed linn its sun-lit billows leap
In foamy pride ; then through the open plain
It tranquil strays, to mingle with the main.
So hastes away the stream of human life :
Awhile in brawling majesty it flows,
And frets and foams, with adverse rocks at strife ;
Then to an almost waveless calm it grows,
And sinks, with noiseless fall, to undisturbed repose.

THE WARRIOR'S TREE.*

As thoughtful I stood by the Warrior's Tree,
And mused on the heroes of old,
In fancy I saw the stern Chief of the free,
Who oft 'mong the foemen, on mountain and lea,
The bolts of his valour had rolled.

Beneath a green bough he sought rest for his frame,
As if courting the sweets of repose;
But no toil-soothing sleep to the warrior came,
For he thought upon Scotia's withering fame—
He thought on her wrongs and her woes.

* An elm-tree (locally called the *Boss Tree*, from a large cavity in its trunk) which stands in the immediate neighbourhood of Barr Castle, at the village of Galston. Tradition affirms that Sir William Wallace, on one occasion, when pursued by his enemies, concealed himself among its branches. In the autumn of 1840, when these verses were written, the tree, though much decayed, had a fine majestic appearance. It is now [1868] greatly broken down by the storms of time; but even apart from the story of Wallace, it is still an object of considerable interest.

No faithful companion was near but his sword,
That oft, in the furious fight,
Subdued the bold prowess of knight and of lord,
And fell, like the thunder's dread bolt, on each horde
That dared to encounter its might.

He grasped it, and thus to his country he spoke :
"O, Scotland! though stained is thy fame,
Yet, yet thy brave spirit shall never be broke ;
Soon, soon shall it burst from dark slavery's yoke,
And gild with fresh glory thy name.

"Then mourn not, my country, though scattered and
few
Are they who are struggling for thee ;
Though blood-hounds their steps on the moorlands
pursue
Yet fear not, their bosoms are dauntless and true,
And Heaven their guardian shall be.

"Lo! Justice descending, all spotless and fair,
Smiles o'er the bright banners they wave ;
A Graham, and the flower of thy heroes are there,
Who yet in their might will indignantly tear
The chains that are scorn'd by the brave.

“For thee ’mid the carnage of battle they’ve stood ;
For thee made the mountains their home ;
For thee passed their nights in the cave, or the wood,
Lulled to rest by the wind, or the dash of the flood
That breaks o’er the steep into foam.

“But hark ! on the gale sounds the tread of the foe ;
Like tigers they thirst for my blood ;
Then come, my loved sword, to the heath let us go,
The blood of their chief on thy broad blade shall flow
Ere morn beam on forest and flood.”

Then boldly he sprang from the green leafy shade,
His eye sternly rolling in wrath ;
The glen’s lonely echoes resounded his tread,
As on to the combat majestic he sped,
Regardless of ruin and death.

The vision has passed ; but the Warrior’s Tree,
Though fading ’neath time’s chilling blight,
Still waves its broad branches alone on the lea,
Where the peasant oft pauses, delighted to see
The haunt of brave Wallace the Wight.

“HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR.”

Give fame to him who loves to soothe
The woes that rend the orphan's breast;
Who loves with feeling hand to smooth
The couch where weary age would rest,
And seeks the home of want and care,
To pour the balm of comfort there.

Give fame to him who thirsteth not
The tyrant's sword in war to wield;
But who, from dire oppression's blot,
Unshrinking would his country shield,
And, martyr-like, for her resign
Even life at freedom's holy shrine.

Give fame to him who scorns to tread
Religion's path for worldly gain;
And in whose breast has never spread
Hypocrisy's unhallowed stain;
But who, while journeying on life's road,
Loves man and venerates his God.

Give fame to him who kindred leaves,
And all the cherished scenes of youth,
And many a danger nobly braves,
To teach the glorious words of truth,
To plant the seeds of Christian love,
And point the way to bliss above.

Be honoured too the godlike band—
The pride and glory of our kind—
Who shed throughout our native land
The humanising light of mind;
A light that, like the orb of day,
Bears many a blessing in its ray.

Yes, glory give unto the few,
Who, led by virtue's heavenly ray,
And scorning every selfish view,
With noble deeds, would make life's way
A path where streams of love would flow,
And flowers of sweet affection grow.

S O N N E T.

ON THE DEATH OF "DELTA" (D. M. MOIR),
AUTHOR OF "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH,"
"DOMESTIC VERSES," ETC.

WEEP, Caledonia, weep! thy Delta's gone!
He whose loved lyre, like voice of summer bird,
Artless and bland, our hearts with rapture stirred,
And woke sweet feelings with its mellow tone.
Not like the torrent's dash it would astound;
But, oh! 'twould charm like the secluded rill,
Whose music lures us near some verdant hill,
To bask 'mid nature's sweets that bloom around.
Yes, such was Delta's lyre! Its gentle flow
Lulled the rapt soul in dear delicious dreams,
And led it forth, where virtue's blossoms blow
In fancy's land, by ever-murmuring streams.
Mourn, Caledonia! mourn thy minstrel's doom,
And weep as *he* did weep o'er Casa Wappy's tomb.

A WISH.

GIVE me the friend whose inmost soul delights
In others' weal, and mourns for others' woe;
Who no distinction sees 'tween man and man,
Save that which virtue did alone create;
Who looks beyond the ties of blood or home,
And, with a brother's ardour, loveth all.

Give me the friend whose eye enraptured scans
The rich, the boundless charms that nature yields;
Who, in the meanest flower that scents the gale,
Beholds the power and majesty of God,
And finds materials for lofty thought
In all that meets his captivated gaze.

Give me the friend whose mind has been enlarged
At sober contemplation's sacred shrine;
Who frequent cons the glowing classic page
With all a poet's fervency and joy,
And, through this blissful medium, communes
With bards and sages of departed years.

Give me the friend whose heart hath felt the bliss
That science to her votaries imparts ;
Who loves to roam excursive after truth,
And sees, where'er he turns his thoughtful eye,
The wisdom and benevolence of Him
Whose vital breath spoke all things into life.

Yes, give me such a friend, with whom to share
The rural walk on summer's silent eve,
Or hold sweet converse by the blazing hearth
When winter, wrapt in storms and tempests, reigns ;
Then, though my lot in penury be cast,
The charms of calm contentment will be mine.

A PARODY.

Written in 1851, when the ringing of the bells of Kilmarnock was,
for a short time, intermitted.

Nor a bell was heard, but I thought it was *six*,
And out from the blankets I hurried ;
“Confound it,” I muttered, “the town’s in a fix,
For the bellmen all seem to be buried.”

I sped to my work—for in work I delight;
But when round by the Old Bridge turning,
I heard, with surprise, the lone watchmen of night
Proclaim it was *four* in the morning.

A feeling indignant arose in my breast,
And I stopped as if witchery had bound me;
Then homeward I turned to my attic to rest,
And again threw the blankets around me.

Few and short were the grumblings I made;
But I thought, with a heart full of sorrow,
Of Killie's sad plight, of her fame in the shade,
And her want even of hope for the morrow.

I thought of the soul-cheering time that's away,
When our bells called us up from our pillow,
Or warned us to rest, at the close of the day,
When the sun sunk afar o'er the billow.

I thought of our rulers, the old and the young,
And almost began to upbraid them;
I thought that each bell might be merrily rung
With the coppers we often have paid them.

At length balmy sleep bade reflection be gone,
And I sunk in her arms all inspiring;

But, lo! when I woke, the good folks of the town
From their morning repast were retiring.

Quickly and sadly my clothes I did don;
But why linger long with my story?
I hied to my shop, saying, as I went on,
"Oh! Killie! gone, gone is thy glory."

THE ORPHAN'S DEATH.

I SAW her laid upon the bed of death,
A prey to wan consumption's withering power;
Beside her couch no watchful parent stood
To soothe, with words of love, her fainting heart—
To point the way to realms of purer bliss—
To press, in tenderness, her thin pale hand,
And take the long farewell. But He, who shields
The virtuous and the fatherless, had shed
Around her soul the balm of hope and peace.
Oh! 'twas a scene, though mournful, that proclaimed
How happy and how calm the good can die.
In holy joy she clasped her snowy hands,
And breathed an earnest orison to heaven;
Then gently sunk to sleep—the sleep of death.

SONNET.

TO THE IVY.

SWEET, ever-verdant Ivy, thee I love,
Whether I view thee spread on ruin hoar,
Or see thy tapered leaflets mantling o'er
The gnarled oak that bends the stream above.
When winter's early tempests sweep the earth,
And from the forest boughs their glories tear,
Thou bloomest on in beauty, green and fair,
As when the God of nature gave thee birth;
And upward still thou climb'st, in light and shade,
In calms and storms, thy glorious sunward way:
Emblem, methinks, of Virtue, lovely maid,
Who, led by pure religion's heavenly ray,
Spurns the dull earth, and all that's doomed to fade,
And, hopeful, seeks a bright eternal day.

SCOTTISH POEMS.

MY FIRST BAWBEE.

O ! NANE I trew on a' the yirth
Was happier than me,
When in my wee breek pouch I gat
My first bawbee.
I turned it roun' and roun' wi' pride,
Syne toddled aff wi' glee
To wair, on something that was guid,
My first bawbee.

I met auld grannie at the door ;
Quo' she, "Noo, Rab, tak' care,
Nae feckless whigmaleeries buy
When ye gang to the fair ;
A gaucie row or sonsie scone
Is best for ane that's wee ;
Mind, muckle lies in how ye spen'
Your first bawbee."

But grannie's words were soon forgot
When to the fair I gaed,
And saw sae mony ferlies there
On ilka staun arrayed.
I glower'd at this, I glower'd at that,
Wi' roving, greedy e'e,
And felt dumfoundert how to wair
My first bawbee.

Here apples lay in mony a creel,
A' tempting to the view,
And plums and pears whase vera leuk
Brocht water to my mou';
And there were tosh wee picture beuks
Spread out a' fair to see;
They seemed to say, "Come here and spen'
Your first bawbee."

I kent the ane wad gust the gab,
The ither tell me how
Cock Robin fell that waefu' day
The Sparrow drew his bow;
But baith, waesucks! I couldna get;
And sae wi' tearfu' e'e
I swithered lang on whilk to wair
My first bawbee.

At length a wheedlin' Eerish loon
Began to bawl and brag;
"Come now," said he, "my little lad,
And thry the Lucky Bag;
If you have but one copper got,
For it you may get three;
Shure, never venture never won;
Come, sport your bawbee."

Thinks I, this is the vera thing,
I'll mak' my bawbee twa,
And syne I'll get the plums or pears,
The wee bit beuk and a'.
Sae at the bag I tried my luck;
But hope was dung agee;
A *blank* was mine, and sae I lost
My first bawbee.

A tear cam' happin' owre my cheek
As sad I daunert hame,
Wi' hunger rumbling up and down
Like win' within my wame.
I tellt auld grannie a' my tale;
"Ye've gane far wrang," quo' she,
"But muckle guid may yet come out
Your lost bawbee."

And true she spak' ; my *loss* was *gain* ;
It lair'd me usefu' lair ;
It made me aft, sinsyne, tak' tent
O' mony a gilded snare ;
And still when loons to catch the plack
Their fleechin phrases gie,
A something whispers, "Robin, mind
Your first bawbee."

WE'LL MEET OUR BAIRNS AGAIN.

Yes, ope ance mair that casket, love,
And let me see again
Our wee dead bairnies' sunny locks,
That lang in it hae lain.
I ken they'll bring afresh frae thee
A flood o' bitter tears ;
But oh ! they'll waft our mem'ries back
To happy, happy years.

In fancy's ear we'll hear again
Wee Archie's silvery voice,
That langsyne, wi' its mirthfu' tones,
Made a' our hearts rejoice.
We'll see, in thocht, dear Aggie's smile,
Sae sweet, sae heavenly fair,
That like a sunbeam cheered our hame,
And lichtened ilka care.

Yes, there's the lock that waving hung
O'er Aggie's bonnie broo;
I ken it by its silken look,
And by its lovely hue.
And this ane, wi' the gentle curl,
Wee Archie's was, I ween;
Methinks I see it hinging yet
Aboon his pawky een.

Oh! some may deem it weakness, love,
O'er faded joys to brood,
And o'er these sacred relics lean
In sorrow's saddest mood;
But ah! nae bairn is wi' us noo,
To charm our humble ha';
And sae it's hard, hard to forget
Ilk wee thing that's awa.

I think o' them at early morn ;
I think o' them at noon ;
I think o' them when ithers meet
At e'en their hearths aroun' ;
And in my dreams, when nicht's dark cluds
O'er moor and mountain hing,
I feel their wee hauns linked in mine,
And hear their voices ring.

And Archie by the fire I see,
Blithe in his wonted place,
A-listenin' to the crack gaun roun',
And glowerin' in my face.
And near thy knee, like rose-bud sweet,
I see wee Aggie staun,
Fu' proud that she has got frae thee
Some plaything in her haun.

Or if I dauner down the yaird,
When flowers in beauty blow,
I hear them shout, "O see how sweet
Our pinks and daisies grow !"
But when, alas ! I turn me roun'
Their artless joys to share,
A gloomy sadness o'er me comes,
For nae dear bairn is there.

And whiles, methinks that Archie cries,
 "O help me up to see
The bonnie shilfa's cosie nest
 Upon the auld pear-tree."
But tho' the shilfa's nest be there,
 I look in vain for him
To keek wi' bairnhood's curious e'e
 Out-owre its mossy brim. .

And aft when some bit neebour wean
 Comes toddlin' to our door,
Our ain loved bairns before me seem,
 Sweet as in days o' yore;
And scarcely can I think they're gane,
 Till thou, love, meet'st my e'e,
Lane sitting by the silent hearth
 They gladdened wi' their glee.

But tho' nae mair we'll hear their voice
 Within our lowly cot,
Their mem'ry throws a sacred charm
 Aroun' our lanely lot,
And lifts the mind to heaven aboon,
 Where they were kindly ta'en,
And where, oh! happy, happy thocht!
 We'll meet our bairns again.

THE DRUCKEN WIFE

O! SAIRLY may I rue the day
That Nannie Baird and I were kippled,
For aye sinsyne, I grieve to say,
The limmer has done nocht but tippled.

And gif her fauts I haufins tell,
Her tongue brings wives and weans about me ;
She swears I like a drap mysel',
And threatens wi' the tangs to clout me.

Gude guide us! what a life I dree!
Ilk onk I gie her shillings twenty,
Yet ne'er a meal has she for me,
But water-brose, an' they fu' scanty.

And aft when I gang hame at e'en,
Expectin' a' things warm and cheerie,
The fient a fire is to be seen ;
The door is locked, and a' is drearie.

Ae nicht, shortsyne, she served me sae,
I vowed I wad nae mair rebuke her,
But try auld Wabster Watty's way,
In some mill-dam or stream to douk her.

Sae to the toun I flew wi' speed,
And saw her in the broker's staunin',
Wi' shaeless feet and mutchless head,
Some dud o' claes for whisky pawnin'.

I winked her out, and spak' her fair :
"By Mungo's dam we'll hameward toddle ;
We'll get a waff o' cauler air,
And aiblins 'mang the breckans cuddle."

She gied consent; and when we cam'
To yon auld brig that spans the river,
Noo, noo, thinks I, within the dam,
Ye drucken jaud, I'll gar ye shiver.

But, trowth, my plan brocht muckle wae ;
For, as I then a push did gie her,
She claucht my coat, and owre the brae,
Gude sauf's! I wuntled headlang wi' her.

Amang the waves, like drownin' brutes,
We splashed and splashed, o' life despairin';
At last we caught some auld tree-roots,
And *terra firma* gat ance mair on.

Then, then brak loose her fearfu' tongue;
Methinks her awsome words yet deave me;
Syne, frae the dyke she drew a rung,
And swore that instant she would cleave me.

But Poacher Pate, wha heard the strife,
Cam' to the spot and me defendit;
Or faith, I doubt, my precious life
That luckless night she wad hae endit.

The story soon ran far and wide;
The taunts and gibes I gat were mony;
The vera bairnies, jeering, cried,
"Ye gat yer douks frae drucken Nannie."

And frae that nicht she waur did turn,
And at the gill-stoup deeper tipped:
Oh! muckle cause has he to mourn,
That's to a drucken woman kipped.

THE AULD BELL'S LAMENT.*

ALAS! alas! wi' grief I hear
My doom is sealed, my end is near;
The place I lang hae held sae dear
 I noo maun lea';
And is there nane to drap a tear,
 Or mourn for me?

Had I grown crazy or tongue-tackit,
Or had my sides been even crackit,
I wadna care though I were packit
 Clean out the toun;
But when I'm neither rent nor rackit,
 Why pu' me doun?

* The bell here alluded to belonged to the Low Church, Kilmarnock. It was taken down in August, 1853, and a new one of larger dimensions placed in its stead. The old bell bore this inscription: "BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE THAT KNOW THE IOYFVLL SOYND, PS. 89, 15, NVM. 10, 10. ALBERT DANIEL, CELI ME FECERVNT, KILLMARNOCK, AN. DOM., 1697."

But hear my tale : Thrice fifty year
I've been a faithfu' servant here ;
On gala days I've rung to cheer
 And keep you gay ;
And mournfu' toll'd when on death's bier
 Your big folk lay.

Langsyne, I mind, when puir Prince Charlie,
'Mang Highland hills was routed fairly,
Though vext awee that fate sae sairly
 The chiel' had dung,
I spread the news, nor did it sparely,
 Wi' rattlin' tongue.

And soon as e'er my voice began,
Folk gathered like some Norlan' clan ;
The vera Bailies pechin' ran,
 Fu' proud and braw,
To drink to George a reaming can,
 In Council Ha'.

And aft when war was a' the fashion,
And fae met fae in bluidy passion ;
When fame declared the British nation
 Had victor been,
I rung a peal of exultation
 Frae morn till e'en.

O! then ilk body was licht-hearted;
Cauld, carking cares had a' departed;
Sae blithe were they the French were thwarted,
And sent adrift,
That bonfires bleezed, and rockets darted
Throughout the lift.

And though the youths kicked up a row,
Nane cared, for a' were frien's, I trow;
Even tottering age, wi' snaw-white pow,
Had his gaffaw;
While Robin Walker at my tow
Seesawed awa.

And aften, too, when fires broke out,
Wi' fearfu' flames and flakes o' soot,
I was the first, ye needna doubt,
To lowse my tongue,
And warn the neebours a' about,
Baith auld and young.

But, trowth, to tell ye a' I've seen
Wad gar ye glower wi' wilder'd e'en:
Twa noble earls o' the Dean
I kent fu' brawly,
And a' your auld forbears, I ween,
Sae douce and haly.

Methinks I see the bodies yet,
A social, kindly, cadgie set,
At fairs and markets a' a-fit,
In hodden-grey,
Or in the kirk fu' doucely met
On Sabbath day.

Na, even My Lord or Lady then
Wad crack richt cosh wi' common men,
And kindly speer how they did fen
For milk and meal,
And happy seem'd when they did ken
That a' were weel.

Dear happy days o' auld langsyne!
The thochts o' you, oh! wha wad tine?
Ye conjure up a feeling kin'
Within the heart,
That modern things, though buskit fine,
Can ne'er impart.

And even my tones can wake that feeling,
When on some wand'rer's ear they're stealing,
Wha seeks his lang-lost native sheiling
By Marnock's stream;
To him my music seems revealing
Youth's happy dream.

And as my weel-kent voice is heard,
He thinks upon the auld kirkyaird ;
He seeks the spot wi' true regard ;
 He dauners in,
And bathes wi' tears the grassy sward
 That haps his kin.

There may be modern bells aroun',
That, cuif-like, mak' a greater soun' ;
But never slicht the simple croon
 O' ane that's aul' ;
It's aye the guid aul'-fashioned tune
 That moves the saul.

O! then, since I sae lang hae hung,
And mony a thrilling peal hae rung,
Plead, plead my cause wi' pen and tongue,
 Or, luckless lot!
Like some auld pat, I may be flung
 In furnace hot.

Nae doubt ye'll get a gaucier bell
That for awae will jow and swell ;
But, aiblins, though I say't mysel',
 Ye'll ne'er get ane
Will stan' the tooth o' time sae fell
 As I hae dune.

Gude sauf's! I feel, though I am auld,
As souple-tongued, as stark and bauld,
As when I first up here was hauled,
Midst muckle cheering;
Yet hundreds think me, as I'm tauld,
Scarce worth the hearing.

But such, alas! is aye the gait;
When ane gets auld he's out o' date;
The brainless fop, wi' pride elate,
Is aft respeckit,
While guid auld worth, wi' manners blate,
Is sair negleckit.

But hear, oh! hear my earnest prayer:
Since I maun flit for evermair,
For me some ither place prepare,
And nocht shall daunt me,
To ring wi' birr, baith late and air,
Whene'er ye want me.

Or if nae mair ye'll let me peal,
O! grant me, grant me a bit beil'
Wi' some kind antiquarian chiel',
Some pawky billie;
For, oh! I'm wae to bid fareweel
To dear Auld Killie.

ANSWER TO "THE AULD BELL'S LAMENT."

Supposed to be spoken by the bell of the Council Chambers.

AULD worthy frien' and neebour dear,
Your waefu' wail I chanced to hear,
And, man, I've drappit mony a tear
O' grief sinsyne;
For your sad fate, I muckle fear,
Will soon be mine.

Yes, I may be, and that richt soon,
Frae my bit steeple haurled down;
For when I chance to glower aroun',
Sic change is seen,
That haith I'm pinch'd to ken the toun
Whar lang I've been.

Ance ilka body kent anither,
And, as ye've said, were pack wi' ither;
Noo, wi' sic folk ye'll scarce forgather
In lane or street;
They're a' unkent and queer thegither
Ye're sure to meet.

Gane is ilk house wi' divot riggin',
Whar douce auld bodies lived fu' snug in;
And noo, in some high, tower-like biggin',
Ilk birkie shines;
Ye'd think they'd a' made rich by diggin'
In foreign mines.

O! guileless, sweet simplicity!
Nae chiel should e'er tine sicht o' thee;
Far lovelier are thy charms to me
Than art's display;
For gowden glare, tho' fair to see,
Aft lures astray.

'Bout some new plan ilk billie clatters,
And tries, forsooth, to ape his betters;
In *airs*, in *dress*, and even in *letters*,
Ilk ane maun swell;
But trowth it's no a' gowd that glitters,
As ye can tell.

And Gude kens whar the thing may drap ;
It's noo ayont the steeple tap ;
For some can gar the spirits rap,
 And lift the tables ;
And seem richt wud gif ony-chap
 Should slicht sic fables.

But, man, your case sae keen I felt it,
I've aye been dowie since ye tellt it ;
In trowth I feel as I'd been pelted
 By some wild rabble,
To think that ye maun noo be melted,
 For a' your trouble.

But, hark ye, frien', I hae a scheme
That yet may keep ye safe at hame :
Next Council nicht for you I'll claim
 The Board's protection,
And tell them it wad spread their fame
 In ilk direction.

And gif they're a' in tift to hear it,
Your ilka virtue I'll declare it ;
I'll tell how aft ye've rung wi' spirit,
 Nor thocht it hard ;
I'll tell them that auld age should merit
 Their kind regard.

I'll tell them, what I mind fu' weel,
That ye sent forth a joyfu' peal,
When Fillans* (noo in death's low beil')
Yon Statue reared,
To honour Shaw, the generous chiel,
Whase name's revered.

I'll tell them, too, how ye hae stood
Thrice fifty years afore the Flood;†
And, fegs! tho' I should raise their blood
I winna care;
'Twill put my tongue in sterner mood
To urge my prayer.

Yes! I wi' birr will speak my min';
And should their Honours a' incline
To lo'e ye just for auld langsyne,
Wi' feelings keen,
My place I freely will resign
To you, auld frien'.

* Mr James Fillans, the sculptor of the Statue of Sir James Shaw, which stands at the Cross of Kilmarnock. Mr Fillans was born in 1808, and died suddenly in September, 1852. He was a native of Lanarkshire. "Among the last works which he modelled was a statue of 'Grief, or Rachel weeping for her children,' which he intended to be placed over his father's grave."

† The memorable Flood which occurred in Kilmarnock on the morning of the 14th July, 1852.

I ken my soun' is but a jingle,
That scarce can reach a neebour's ingle,
Sae, as I've said, I'll cease to tingle,
To get ye here,
Whar ye wi' ither bells may mingle
For mony a year.

But, O! I'm fleyed that soon or late
We baith maun toddle out the gate;
Yet why compleen? Time, like a spate,
Sends a' agee;
Empires themsel's maun yield to fate,
And sae maun we.



TO A WREN.

On the author finding its nest in his garden, where, for a number of years in succession, one of the same kind had been built.

BONNIE, blithesome, jinkin birdie,
Glad am I again to see
Thy bit nest within our yairdie,
Snug below the auld elm-tree.

Here it is, aboon the breckan,
Where the burnie wimples sweet;
And within't, thy numerous cleckin
Keekin out for air or meat.

What a nice and cosie biggin'
For thy wee things thou hast made!
Ivy-leaves out-owre its riggin',
Spread a cool and pleasing shade.

Firmly, too, 'tis bound thegither,
To resist the gurly win';
And for comfort, fug and feather
Thou hast smoothly spread within.

Sweetest pleasures, too, are near thee :
Thou hast fragrance frae the thorn,
And the bonnie burn to cheer thee
Wi' its sang at e'en and morn.

And the cowslip's yellow blossom
Frae thy wee door thou canst see,
Wi' the dew-drap on its bosom
Shining 'neath the morning's e'e.

And thou see'st, when May advances,
Lovely neuks wi' daisies drest,
Where the burnie winds and dances,
Wi' the foam-bells on its breast.

But, wee bird, how could'st thou carry
Ilka thing that forms thy beil' ?
Surely some kind, hidden fairy
Wi' thy wark has help'd thee weel.

And I trew it wakes my wonder
How thou mak'st thy nest sae trig;
Man himsel' it would dumfounder
Should he try its like to big.

Then, again, it gars me ferly,
When thy twall bit pets I see,
How they're a', baith late and early,
Nursed and fed by ane sae wee.

But now tell me, is there ony
Canny plan thou hast found out,
That directs thee 'mang sae mony,
To gie ilk ane pick about?

Or dost thou, without a swither,
Feed them as they chance to crave?
Or, like some unthinkin' mither,
Pamper ane and scrimp the lave?

But I see thou'rt there, my birdie,
Wi' a nebfu' frae the fiel',
Sae I'll dauner up the yairdie
Till the wee things get their meal.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

ALAS! our bonnie sweet wee bairn,
That filled our bosoms aft wi' gladness,
Has gane to mingle wi' the clay,
And left us a' in tears and sadness.

At e'en she bloom'd in rosy health;
Her wee kind heart in joy was leaping;
At morning's dawn, how great the change!
She pale, yet fair, in death lay sleeping.

Nae mair will she in fondest mood
Her arms around my neck be flinging;
Nae mair we'll hear her merry voice
Within our hame like music ringing.

Nae mair she'll to my presence bring
Her playthings wi' a childish pleasure;
Yet for her sake, how dear they seem!
Ay, dearer far than richest treasure.

Nae mair to get "the envied kiss,"
Will she at gloamin' blithely meet me;
Nae mair wi' loving word or smile
Will she at early morning greet me.

Ah no! the arms that round me clung
Now cauld and motionless are lying;
And o'er her in the auld kirkyard
The cheerless wintry wind is sighing.

But cease, ye bitter tears, to flow;
Though she has left our hame for ever,
We'll meet again in heaven aboon,
And share the bliss that fadeth never.

EPISTLE TO J. ANDERSON,

Author of the "Scottish Temperance Melodist."

DEAR Sir, ae bonnie morn shortsyne,
When August's sun did sweetly shine,
I gat your letter, frank and kin',
Frae postman chiel,
And, Johnnie lad, to speak my min',
It pleased me weel.

"Come, Muse," quo' I, "and sing ance mair;
Inspire my harp wi' some sweet air;
An *Embro* Bard o' sense and lair
Has roos'd thy name,
And round thy brow has twined wi' care
A wreath o' fame."

She, smiling, said, in accents fain,
"Strike thy lang-dormant lyre again,
And thank, in heart-felt, frien'ly strain,
Auld Reekie's poet,
For base ingratitude's a stain
On a' that show it!"

Sae I, obedient, sen' my thanks
Sincere, frae Marnock's flowery banks ;
Amang my frien's your name noo ranks,
 And shall be there
Till fate shall kick me aff my shanks
 To rise nae mair.

When first I read your letter slee,
I scann'd it o'er wi' critic e'e,
But fient a failin' I could see ;
 'Twas sweet in tone ;
Like burnie wimpling wild and free,
 It glided on.

But, lad, I'd be a selfish chiel
To think a' truth ye sing sae weel ;
Parnassus I maun higher speel
 Ere I can claim
The mantle o' the sweet M'Neil
 O' deathless fame.

What! in this age, when ilka glen
Can boast its heaven-born minstrel men,
Can I expect my feeble pen
 To win regard ?
Na, na, your praises ye maun sen'
 To some *true* bard.

But, Sir, your ain wee bookie teems
Wi' generous, philanthropic dreams,
While o'er ilk page there richly gleams
 A mental light,
Like simmer sunshine on the streams,
 Warm, cheering, bright.

Unlike some bards wha lag behind
The truth-inspiring march o' mind,
Wi' feelings tender and refined,
 O'er vice ye weep,
And mak' the Muse *improve* mankind,
 Wi' precepts deep.

Then persevere wi' sang and sonnet;
Parnassus-hill keep croonin' on it;
And fame's bright wreath ye yet may win it;
 Then men, I'trew,
In reverence will lift their bonnet,
 Dear Sir, to you.

But what is fame? an empty sound,
By living minstrel seldom found;
When 'neath the churchyard's grassy mound
 The poet lies,
'Tis *then* his name's wi' honour crown'd,
 Mid deafening cries.

Or, haply, o'er his last lane bed
The gracefu' column rears its head ;
Yet he whase glory thus is spread
 Through earth's vast sphere,
Was mark'd as crazed, or pinch'd for bread,
 When wand'ring here.

Oh, mockery dire ! enough to blight
The opening buds of genius bright ;
Enough to quench the glorious light
 Of Poet's soul,
And freeze the fountains of delight
 That frae it roll.

Yet still 'tis sweet to woo the Nine
At lovely nature's sacred shrine ;
A transport words can ne'er define
 It doth impart,
As, fresh and warm, line after line.
 Comes frae the heart.

But I maun close, my canty carle :
At you may fortune never snarl ;
And when death at your door plays tirl,
 And says, "Ye're mine,"
May ye be wafted to a warl'
 Of bliss divine !

Sept., 1850.

SECOND EPISTLE TO J. ANDERSON.

AULD-FARRANT Frien', my harp again
I tune responsive to your strain;
For trowth your thoughts, sae sage, yet plain,
 Hae made me vogie,
And blither far than Bacchus' train
 When o'er their coggie.

Your words are easy, kind and takin',
As if ye sat wi' cronie crackin';
Dunce-like your brains ye're never rackin'
 To get them out;
Haith! ye're a "Bard o' nature's makin',"
 Withouten doubt.

Na, what is nobler, ye inherit
A manly, philanthropic spirit;
And he wha sings without *this* merit,
 Tho' bauld his tone,
Is but—I fearlessly declare it—
 An idle drone.

'Twas surely honest nature's plan,
When gifts she gied the bardie clan,
That they should strew the path o' man
 Wi' pleasure's flowers,
And happier mak', in ilka lan',
 Life's weary hours.

And this I'm proud to think's your aim,
Your watchword to the heights o' fame;
Wi' canty sang ye cheer the hame
 Of honest toil,
And raise, on cheek o' couthie dame,
 Contentment's smile.

Now let me tell : my lowly lot,
Like yours, was cast in puirtith's cot ;
But nature's beauties round the spot
 Were wild and fair ;
Rock, wood, and stream, and glen, and grot,
 Were mingled there.

There, too, by Marnock's mossy flood,
The Dean in ruined grandeur stood ;
Wi' reverential eye I viewed
 Its turrets lane,
And sighed for tales of ages rude,
 And chiefs lang gane.

Thus was I early led to pore
On sylvan scene and castle hoar,
Or gather rich historic lore
 Frae ancient page,
Or wi' sweet sang my mem'ry store
 Frae minstrels sage.

When Spring in dewy tears had birth,
Or Simmer deck'd the smiling earth,
I stole frae village scenes of mirth
 At day's decline,
And poured my artless numbers forth
 At nature's shrine.

But chief when yellow Autumn's reign,
And a' her blithesome days were gane,
And eerie o'er the leaf-strewn plain
 Came Winter rude,
I loved to wander forth alane
 By stream or wood.

The roseless breer, the shivering tree,
The withered verdure of the lea,
The faded bowers, where late the bee
 Was humming gay,
Like monitors, reminded me
 Of man's decay.

O Nature, thou art ever sweet!
Thy works wi' wisdom how replete!
In flowery nook or bare retreat,
In calms or storms,
Thou scatt'rest lessons at our feet,
Amid thy charms.

Yes! lovely Spring, wi' sun and shower,
Blithe Simmer, gemm'd wi' mony a flower,
Mild Autumn, wi' her gowden dower
Crowning the field,
And Winter, wondrous in his power,
Instruction yield.

Then, Anderson, be ours the theme,
Inspired by mountain, wood, and stream;
There, radiant 'neath the sun's bright beam,
What glories shine!
And there what vast materials teem
For thought divine!

Even things minute—the herb, the flower,
The insect gay, in sunny bower—
Declare the great Creator's power,
And boundless love,
And lift, in contemplation's hour,
The mind above.

Can aught sae fair in Art be seen

As wee bit gowan on the green?

Or wilding rose, at morn serene,

In beauty's pride?

Or primrose sweet, wi' modest mien,

By burnie's side?

Can aught compare wi' autumn day,

Sweet-breaking o'er the mountains grey?

Or noon, when swells the reaper's lay

On gentle gale?

Or night, when Luna's tresses play

On hill and vale?

Can aught amid the city's crowd

Delight like landscape streak'd wi' gowd?

Or laverock, hailing sun-lit cloud

Wi' cheerfu' sang?

Or burnie, murmuring faint or loud

The braes amang?

Can aught mair charming meet the ear

Than wee bird's lilt, sae soft, sae clear,

That sweetly steals, when e'ening's near,

Frae flowery thorn?

Or echoes frae some rose-clad breer

At early morn?

Ah, no! amang the woods and plains,
Harmonious wi' enchanting strains,
A soothing heavenly *something* reigns,
That, like a spell,
Our bosom's fond affection chains
To stream and dell.

True source of sang! nae fabled spring
Can sweeter inspiration bring;
Then let us still to nature cling,
Baith late and air;
For he wha lo'es her, best can sing
Her beauties fair.

October, 1850.

MY AULD NATIVE TOUN.

It stauns like some sweet fairy hame
Upon the Marnock's side;
And near it, 'mang the flowery holms,
Fair Irvine's waters glide.
And bank, and wood, and glen, and brae
Are lovely a' aroun',
And charm me as I wander
By my auld native toun.

But oh! the dear auld toun itsel'
Mak's hallow'd mem'ries start,
And waukens thochts o' faded joys
That bind it to my heart.
And even its waters, as they flow,
Hae something in their soun'
That links my feelings closer
To my auld native toun.

But dearest is yon spot whar spans
The auld brig owre the stream;
For there life's sunny morning pass'd
Like some delightfu' dream.
And let me roam whare'er I will,
It haunts me late and soon;
To me it is the Eden
O' my auld native toun.

There still the lowly biggin' stauns,
Wi' humble roof o' strae,
Whar on my infant e'e first dawn'd
The gladsome licht o' day;
And whar a mither, ever kind,
Sweet sangs to me would croon
Beside the canty ingle,
In my auld native toun.

But wae's me! what a change is there
Since life's sweet, happy morn!
Frae ilka house the haun o' death
The auld awa has borne;
And mony a blithesome young compeer
Has to the grave gane down,
That shared my youthfu' pleasures
In my auld native toun.

Sae noo, when haply daunerin' out
On yon auld-fashioned street,
I miss ilk kind and couthie face
That there I used to meet;
And, wildered 'mang the fremmit crowd,
I staun and glower aroun',
And feel mysel' a stranger
In my auld native toun.

Or if I dauner by the spot
Whar, langsyne, when a bairn
I toddled to the auld schule-house
The wee spell-book to learn;
Oh, then what changes meet my view!
The schule itsel' is down;
And I scarcely ken I'm wand'ring
In my auld native toun.

Yet leese me, leese me on the place!

My early haunts are there:

The linn ahint the auld mill-dam;

The plantin' green and fair;

The sylvan nooks whar roses grew,

When cam' the joyous June,

Diffusing flowery-sweetness

Roun' my auld native toun.

*

And still the gowany braes are there,

Whar blithe I ran about,

Or leaned me on the thick green sward,

And howk'd the arnuts out;

Or, curious, watched the swallows skim

The stream at sunny noon,

Or wheel in airy circles

Roun' my auld native toun.

And yet, tho' age has owre me come,

I lo'e these scenes to see;

For beauty still is beaming there

By stream, and wood, and lea.

And 'mang the trees the wee bird's voice

Has still as sweet a soun'

As when, langsyne, it charm'd me

By my auld native toun.

Ay, still (for nature changes not)
The stream as gently flows,
The braes still wear as rich a green,
And sweet's the woodland rose,
As when I rambled there langsyne,
A wee barefitted loon,
Ilk buss for nests explorin',
By my auld native toun.

I kenna what, ere life be past,
May me or mine befa';
But come what will, nae change can steal
My heart frae hame awa.
For till the weary sun o' life
In death's dark gloom gangs doun,
I'll cling wi' fond affection
To my auld native toun.

AULD JANET.

ALAS! in the grave noo auld Janet is laid;
O, lang may the turf o'er her ashes be green!
For mony a simmer will flourish and fade,
Ere a body sae thrifty amang us be seen.
I kent her langsyne when a lass o' nineteen,
And fair as the dew-pearled flower on the lea;
A maidenly modesty sweetened her mien,
And mony a fond-hearted wooer had she.

But, as ill luck wad hae't, she gat buckled to ane
Wha kept the puir body in puirtith and strife;
And he left her at last wi' a wee helpless wean,
To fecht for themsel's in the battle o' life.
But Janet ne'er sunk 'neath adversity's blast,
Nor e'er socht a plack frae the parish, I ween;
Though puir, she was noble in mind to the last,
And never could stoop to do ocht that was mean.

In hairst she wad shear ; and when winter cam' roun'
She span at the wheel and she hain'd what she wan ;
At length she set up a bit shop in the toun ;
And to buy frae auld Janet ilk kind neebour ran.
Her stock it was little, but thrift made it mair ;
And justice in dealing she aye made her law ;
Her gait, too, was frank, baith to rich and to puir,
And this brocht her custom and frien'ship frae a'.

The beggars a' lo'ed her the hale kintra roun',
For they aye gat a morsel frae her wi' a smile ;
But gansel she gied to the ne'er-do-weel loon,
Wha socht for an amous when able to toil.
“Gae 'wa!” she exclaimed, “to some labour begin ;
Ye're hale lith and limm, and there's plenty to do ;
Lea'e begging, ye knaves, to the cripple and blin',
Or croichlin' auld age that's sair pinch'd to get
through.”

Ilk Sabbath fu' tosh in the kirk she appeared ;
But thinkna she gaed in the fashion to be ;
Na, na ; frae her youth she religion revered,
And pitied the man wha its truths couldna see.
In her wee claspèd Bible, wi' meek solemn air,
She'd earnestly look for the *text* or the *psalm* ;
And syne to the preacher she'd listen wi' care,
And feel ilka word as a soul-soothing balm.

Her bairn—a bit laddie—grew fair to the sicht ;
At schule, o'er his parts, wad the dominie brag ;
Na, mair, he declared that his genius was bricht,
And, if spared, that his pow in a pupit should wag.
But Janet demurred to the dominie's skill ;
For the callan she saw was for business inclined ;
And she thocht that nae birkie the pupit should fill,
Wha wasna by nature for preachin' designed.

Sae a clerkship she gat him, and bade him tak' care
O' the rocks and the shallows in life's stormy tide ;
“Be active,” quo' she, “and the better ye'll fare,
As onward along its dark waters ye glide.”
He took her advice ; and what think ye he's noo ?
A merchant worth thousands, a Provost and a' ;
And his auld mither's worth he inherits, I trow,
For he strives to do guid to the grit and the sma'.

At last hoary age made auld Janet decay ;
And calmly and meekly to death she resign'd ;
But her mem'ry shall live, for she left, like the ray
O' the fair setting sun, a sweet glory behind.
Yet, weel may we shed bitter tears o'er her fa' ;
Her virtues were mony, her failings were few ;
Though humbly she lived she did guid to us a' :
She showed what the hand that is willing can do.

TO A LITTLE DOG,

On getting it from a friend, Nov. 1859.

Thou's welcome here, wee glowerin' doggie,
Wi' tapered tail and hingin' luggie;
And haith, I'll strive to keep thee snug aye
 Frae cauld and care;
And while there's ocht within my coggie,
 Thou's get a share.

For Burns's Luath—great in fame—
Thee noo, wi' due respect, I name;
And thou, I houp, will be the same,
 A social beastie,
Wi' rowth o' sense and love o' hame
 Within thy breastie.

And ne'er, I trust, thou'll snowk and snarl,
And at the bairnies yowf and haur!;
Nor yelp at ony puir auld carle
 In beggar's duddies;
Nor e'er wi' neebour doggies quarrel,
 Like ane that wud is.

For, tak' my word for't, guid ne'er flows
Frae crackit croun or bluidy nose;
Na, even when kings deal out their blows
 On war's red plain,
A toomer pouch and thinner brose
 Is a' the gain.

But should some surly cur attack thee,
And try his humble slave to mak' thee,
Then staun thy grun', nor laith nor slack be
 His pride to tame,
And ither dogs o' sense will back thee,
 And roose thy name.

But lad, it's no for deeds o' weir,
Or bluidy wark that thou's brocht here;
Thy task will be my beild to cheer
 Wi' plays and pranks,
And roam wi' me when forth I steer
 By Marnock's banks.

Yes, there when Spring adorns the lea,
Thro' wood and dell thou'll trot wi' me,
Where birdies sing on ilka tree
 The hale day lang,
And burnies jink, as if in glee,
 The knowes amang.

And whiles, when simmer skies are bricht,
We'll speel to Craigie's tapmost hicht,
And there (if thou can feel delight
 In ocht that's grand)
Thou'll marvel at the glorious sicht
 O' sea and land.

But nae wee beastie thou maun kill
When wand'ring out by wood or hill;
For ilka thing its sphere doth fill
 By nature's law,
And life and power to roam at will
 Are dear to a'.

But hear thou this, my wee bit doggie:
Thou'll fin' life's road is hard and scroggie,
And scrimpit whiles may be thy coggie;
 But honest be,
And never bring the name o' roguie
 On thee or me.

Na, na; tho' puirtith should prevail,
Ne'er snoove awa wi' hingin' tail,
And stap thy nose in ithers' kail
 For sowp or bane;
Far better hae a scanty meal
 That's a' thy ain.

And last of a', if thou would win
Regard frae me and a' my kin,
Thou aye maun show, when *out* or *in*,
A faithfu' heart,
And ready be, through thick and thin,
To tak' my part.

And should I live to see the day,
When thy bit thread o' life gies way,
I'll lay thee saftly in the clay,
'Neath some auld tree,
And owre thee croon a dowie lay,
Wi' tearfu' e'e.

THE LITTLE DOG'S ADDRESS,

On being sent away to a new master.

O MAISTER dear, what's wrang ava?
Why send your wee bit dog awa?
If I hae broken friendship's law,
Or dune ye ill,
Wi' generous heart forget it a',
And lo'e me still.

I ne'er was gi'en to thievish greed;
And wasna ill to lodge or feed;
Sic draps o' kail or bits o' bread
As ye could spare,
Weel pleas'd I took, nor fash'd my head
To look for mair.

Another thing ye mind fu' weel,
I cheer'd wi' pranks your lowly beil';
And then whene'er ye gaed afiel'
On simmer days,
I led the way when ye did speel
The flowery braes.

And when enraptured ye did seem
By some auld wood or fairy stream,
Then laith to break your happy dream,
 I scoured awa,
Or beikit in the gowden beam
 By some green shaw.

And when the gloamin' hour cam' roun',
And by the fire your sangs ye'd croon,
Beside your feet I streek'd me doun,
 And there did lie,
Nor made, I trew, the slichtest soun'
 To mar your joy.

And aye when frien's on you did ca',
I wagg'd my tail to welcome a',
And was richt vogie when I saw
 You sae respeckit;
For nae ane likes, 'mang great or sma'
 To be negleckit.

And aft when loons, at e'ening late,
Cam' roaring fou adoun the gait,
I, in an instant, took my seat
 Ahint the door,
To guard you and your couthie mate
 Frae sic a core.

Or if a mouse but gied a cheep,
Tho' I was snoring hauf asleep,
As quick as thocht I up wad leap,
And glower aroun',
Resolved within the house to keep
Sic vermin doun.

Nae doubt I hae my fauts; but then,
Just search the toun frae en' to en',
And greater fauts, 'mang dogs and men
Ye're sure to see;
Na, even yoursel', ye brawly ken,
Gangs whiles agee.

Then here, O maister, let me bide;
I'll be your frien' whate'er betide;
Your wee bit canty ingle-side
Has joys to me
That a' the stately halls o' pride
Can never gie.

But I maun gang: it's your decree;
Yet ere your dear auld house I lea'e,
Just let me lick your haun awae
In friendship true;
For tho' ye've lost regard for me,
My heart's wi' you.

LUATH'S ELEGY,

On burying my little favourite dog, Luath, June 3, 1867.

MY wee bit dog, it mak's me wae
To lay thee in the silent clay;
For ne'er again thy pranks and play
 Will cheer my beild,
Or gladden me when forth I stray
 By wood or field.

Thy heart, as thy blithe features tauld,
Tho' just a kennin rather bauld,
Was ne'er, I trew, unkind or cauld,
 But aye displayed
A generous love for young and auld,
 "Whare'er thou gaed."

When trouble cam' to mine or me,
And loss of frien's I had to dree,
Thou look'd wi' sympathetic e'e,
 And seemed to say,
"O maister dear, I'm grieved to see
 Thy heart sae wae.

“But frae thy cheek, oh, chase the tear;
Thou still hast me thy hame to cheer;
And I, when nights are lang and drear,
Will sit beside thee,
And ever be thy frien’ sincere
Whate’er betide thee.

“And aften yet in simmer days,
When nature wears her brawest claes,
Wi’ thee I’ll speel the Craigie braes,
Nor ever weary,
But frisk about thy joy to raise,
And keep thee cheery.

“Or when to muse on some sweet theme,
Thou wand’rest out by Irvine’s stream;
Then, while thy thochts a-soaring seem
High as the lark,
I’ll quietly trot, nor break thy dream
Wi’ youf or bark.”

Yes, Luath, in thy honest face,
Such words in fancy I could trace,
But little thocht that thy bit race
Soon closed would be,
And that ’twould be my waefu’ case
To mourn for thee.

But words would fail to tell the merit
That thy wee breastie did inherit;
To whinge or steal thou couldna bear it
 'Mang great or sma',
For aye thou showed a noble spirit
 To ane and a'.

And then, come pleasure or come pain,
Contentment aye in thee did reign;
For tho' thy meal at times was plain,
 And somewhat humble,
At morn or e'en 'twas ever ta'en
 Without a grumble.

And aft when at my humble ha'
Some social cronies chanced to ca',
Thy tapered tail, as jet's the crow,
 Thou'd cock fu' janty,
And jump wi' joy to see us a'
 Sae hale and canty.

'Tis true, when out by glen or lea,
Thou whiles in some sma' faut would be;
But when rebuked, wi' thochtfu' e'e
 Thou'd near me draw,
And in repentance offer me
 Thy wee bit paw.

Methinks I hear some saulless loon,
Wha ne'er was moved by pity's soun',
Exclaim—"Why breathe this dolefu' croon
 Within our lug?
The yelping thing that death struck down
 Was but a dog."

A dog! yes, just a dog; but then
Dogs wiser are than mony men,
And hae mair sense (as a' micht ken),
 And less presumption,
Than some wha try wi' tongue or pen
 To show their gumption.

And what's the friendship men display?
Ah! truth compels me this to say,
'Tis often feign'd, and fades away
 Like morning dew;
But Luath, thine frae day to day
 Was ever true.

Then tho' unfeeling hearts should sneer,
Thy memory I'll aye revere;
And when to this sweet spot I steer,
 Whar green boughs wave,
I'll mind thy worth, and drap a tear
 O'er thy wee grave.

CARRICK'S WELL.

Carrick's Well is a little hillside spring near the Brother-Loch, in the parish of Mearns, Renfrewshire. It was so named by the late Hugh Macdonald, author of "Rambles Round Glasgow," &c., when he and the writer of the present volume, in company with a few friends, were enjoying an autumn stroll in that locality, where they had met annually for several years. In one of a series of papers, entitled "Pilgrimages to Remarkable Places," which Macdonald was then writing for the *Morning Journal*, the discovery and christening of the little spring is thus noticed: "Proceeding down the green hillside, we discover a small spring of water oozing from a breastwork of stone—lichened and grey with years. We resolve to form it into a well; a basin is dug by willing hands—every one seems to enjoy the ploy—while masses of stone are gathered and heaped around the fountainhead, until it presents a really picturesque appearance. Then we have it christened 'Carrick's Well,' after one of our most genial mates, amidst a succession of cheers, which seem rather to astonish a flock of wild ducks, and forthwith sends them out of their sedgy concealment, squattering away athwart the lake. In half an hour, when the water has had time to clear, we are rewarded for our labours by as delicious a cold draught as ever moistened the throat of a way-worn pilgrim. Our benison be on that little icy spring—that green spot in the waste—and may it continue for centuries to furnish the passing traveller, and the solitary shepherd of the hills, with a watery boon as precious and refreshing as that which we now drink to its honour."

The Brother-Loch, it may be mentioned, which lies at the foot of the hill where the spring is situated, was a favourite resort of Professor Wilson in his younger years, and, according to him, the festival of May-day was celebrated on its banks in the olden time by persons of both high and low degree. The loch derives its name from the sad circumstance of three brothers having been drowned in its waters when bathing. "No one," says Macdonald, "saw the death struggle; but after a search had been instituted, they were found locked in each other's arms among the treacherous water lilies."

It may be added, that when seated by the spring, Macdonald sug-

gested that he and the present writer should each compose a little poem under the name of "Carrick's Well." Whether he ever attempted the task—a task for which he was well fitted—is uncertain; and it was not till some time after his death, when his suggestion was brought to mind, that the following verses were written. They were addressed, as they themselves imply, to the same circle of acquaintances on their again meeting by the little moorland fountain.

Now Simmer's sunny smiles are gane,
And Autumn fadeth on the plain;
Then come, ere Winter sweeps amain
O'er hill and dell,
We'll spend the social hour again,
By Carrick's Well.

The lovely loch before us spread,
The wild birds sailing overhead,
The braes with moorland blossoms clad,
A' join to tell
That mony a rural charm is shed
By Carrick's Well.

What though it be 'mang wilds remote;
What though nae dwelling mark the spot,
Save here and there some wee bit cot
By field or fell;
By us it ne'er can be forgot,
Sweet Carrick's Well.

Like some dear haunt of early joy,
Of love, or friendship lang gane by,
Bright-pictured on our memory
The scene shall dwell ;
And fancy oft will fondly hie
To Carrick's Well.

For here the Rambler used to stray,
And spend with us the autumn day,
Marking each little flow'ret gay
With dewy bell,
Sweet-blushing in the sunny ray
By Carrick's Well.

But sad the thought! nae mair will he
Our footsteps guide o'er moor or lea,
Or charm us with his minstrelsy
Like some sweet spell,
Or join us in our social glee
By Carrick's Well.

Ah! no; but oft when wand'ring here
When autumn's glories crown the year,
The scenes around he loved so dear,
Of him will tell,
And to his mem'ry start the tear,
By Carrick's Well.

AULD RINGAN GRAY.

COME, Muse, we'll sing o' Ringan Gray,
My auld respeckit neebour,
Wha aye maintained frae day to day
The dignity o' labour.
Tho' owre his grave for mony a year
The daisies hae been springin',
Yet still he's to my mem'ry dear,
For few I've seen like Ringan.

Auld Ringan Gray! the name, I trew,
Brings up to recollection
A man whase failings were sae few
They maist escaped detection.
His aims, his wishes were sincere,
And *this* had the ascendant,
That he nicht ne'er for goods or gear
On ithers be dependent.

“My dress,” quoth he, “was never fine;
Nae gaudy gloss is on it;
But Gude be praised, ilk thread o’t’s mine;
My ain twa hauns hae won it.
And tho’ some folks by credit reap
What mak’s them spree and gaucy,
’Tis *self-support* can langest keep
The crown-piece o’ the causey.

“And should my coat to tatters get,
Dependence still I’ll bang her,
And rather than hae ane in debt
I’ll wear my auld ane langer.
’Twas Franklin’s plan in days o’ yore;
And tho’ vain fules deride it,
Nae beagle loon will ^{ha}unt the door
O’ him that’s by it guidit.

“And he, forsooth, would need amends,
Tho’ thousands should adore him,
Whase character or fame depends
Upon the duds that co’er him.
‘Worth mak’s the man,’ as Pope has said,
A fact that’s undisputit,
And sic may be in ane that’s clad
Wi’ garments worn and cloutit.”

Auld Ringan's house, I mind it weel,
Whar frien's at e'en would gather;
On ae side stood the muckle wheel,
The wark-loom on the ither;
And humble prints upon the wa'
O' Bruce and Burns were hingin',
Wi' Wallace Wight atween the twa,
For they were dear to Ringan.

And wale o' books auld Ringan had,
Whilk he as sacred keepit,
And whilk wi' care he aften read
At nicht before he sleepit;
And aye it was his dearest aim,
And chiefest o' his pleasures,
To share wi' a' that round him came
His intellectual treasures.

Peace to his shade! tho' grandeur ne'er
Auld Ringan's lot surroundit,
He left his ain bit humble sphere
Far better than he found it;
For sterling truths he aften tauld
That manly thochts did nourish,
And in the hearts o' young and auld
Made virtue fairer flourish.

GLOSSARY.

- A', all.
 Aboon, above.
 Ae, one.
 Aff, off.
 A-fiel', a-field.
 A-fit, on foot.
 Afore, before.
 Aft, oft; after, often.
 Agee, awry, in a wrong direction.
 A-herdin', tending.
 Ahin, ahint, behind.
 Aiblins, perhaps.
 Aiken, oaken.
 Ain, own.
 Air, early.
 Alane, alone.
 Alang, along.
 Alloo, allow.
 Amang, among.
 Amous, awmous, alms.
 Ance, once.
 Ane, one.
 Anither, another.
 Arnut, earth-nut, a name of the *Bunium Bulbocastanum*.
 A' thegither, altogether.
 Atween, between.
 Auld, old.
 Auld-farrant, sagacious; said of a young person whose ingenuity or sagacity appears to exceed his or her years.
 Ava, of all, at all.
 Awa, away.
 Awee, a little, a little while.
 Awesome, frightful, solemn.
 Ayont, beyond.
 Baikit, baked.
 Bairn, child.
 Bairnhood, childhood.
 Bairnie, diminutive of bairn.
 Baith, both.
 Bane, bone.
 Bang, to beat, to overcome.
 Bardie, diminutive of bard.
 Barefitted, barefooted.
 Barley-bree, juice of malt, whisky.
 Bauld, bold.
 Bawbee, halfpenny.
 Beastie, diminutive of beast.
 Befa', befall.
 Beik, bask.
 Beild, bell', shelter, house.
 Ben, inwards.
 Beuk, book.
 Bicker, dish for drinking out of.
 Bickerin, moving impetuously.
 Bien, having a comfortable competence.
 Big, to build; biggit, built.
 Biggin', building.
 Billie, brother, young fellow.
 Birdie, diminutive of bird.
 Birk, birch.
 Birkie, a lively fellow.
 Birr, energy, force, noise.
 Bit, used as a diminutive, as "a bit bairn."
 Blate, bashful.
 Blaw, blow.
 Blin', blind.
 Bluid, blood.
 Bonnie, beautiful, handsome.
 Bourtree, the elder-tree.

- Brae, the slope of a hill.
 Brak, broke.
 Brang, brought.
 Braw, handsome, fine, gaily dressed.
 Brawly, finely, quite well.
 Breastie, diminutive of breast.
 Breckan, fern.
 Breck pouch, trousers pocket.
 Breer, brier.
 Bright, bright; brightly, brightly.
 Brig, bridge.
 Brocht, brought.
 Buckled, joined, wedded.
 Burn, a rivulet.
 Burnie, diminutive of burn.
 Buskit, dressed, adorned.
 Buss, a bush.

 Ca', call.
 Cadgie, fond, wanton.
 Caft, bought.
 Callan, a boy, a youth.
 Cam', came.
 Canna, can not.
 Canty, merry, cheerfully comfortable.
 Caredna, cared not.
 Carlin, vexatious.
 Carle, an old man.
 Cauld, cold.
 Cauldrife, cool, careless, cold in manner.
 Causey, causeway.
 Chap, a fellow.
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.
 Chiel, a young man, a fellow.
 Clachan, a small village.
 Claes, clothes.
 Clatter, to talk continuously and idly.
 Claucht, to catch hold of, to snatch.
 Claver, to talk nonsense.
 Cleekin, a brood of chickens.
 Cleed, to clothe.
 Clout, a blow; to patch.
 Cock, to raise higher.
 Cog, a hooped wooden dish.
 Coggie, diminutive of cog.
 Core, corps, party.
 Cosh, familiar, communicative.
 Cosie, snug, sheltered.
 Cottar, a cottager.
 Cottie, a cottage.
 Couthie, quaintly kind, loving.
 Crack, chat, free conversation.
 Crackie, given to hearty conversation.
 Crackit, cracked, rent, broken.
 Craw, crow.
 Creel, a basket made of willows.
 Croichie, a slight dry cough.
 Cronie, crony, a companion.
 Croon, to hum a tune; a tune.
 Crowdie, food of the porridge kind.
 Cuddle, to caress, to fondle.
 Cuif, a stupid fellow.
 Cutty pipe, a short tobacco pipe.
 Cutty-wren, a familiar name for the wren.
 Daffin', sporting.
 Daidlin, loitering, idling, tippling.
 Daud, a large piece.
 Dauner, to walk idly, to saunter.
 Daurna, dare not.
 Daw, dawn.
 Deave, deafen.
 Dee, die; dee'd, died.
 Dementit, frantic, insane.
 Divot-dyke, a fence made of turfs.
 Doggie, diminutive of dog.
 Dominie, schoolmaster.
 Donnert, in dotage, stupid.
 Dool, sorrow.
 Douce, gently grave, sober.
 Douk, duck, to put under water.
 Doun, down.
 Dowie, dull, spiritless, languid.

- Drap, drop.
 Dree, to suffer, to endure.
 Drucken, drunken.
 Duda, duddies, rags, clothes.
 Dumfounder, to stupify; dumfound-
 ert, stupified.
 Dune, done.
 Dung, pushed, driven.
 Dunt, to strike roughly, to knock.
 Dwallin', dwelling.
 Dyvour, a bankrupt.
 E'e, the eye; e'en, the eyes.
 E'en, evening.
 E'ening, evening.
 Eerie, timorous, inducing or enter-
 taining superstitious fears.
 Eident, diligent.
 Embro, Edinburgh.
 Ettled, intended, ordained, attempt-
 ed.
 Fa', to fall, to befall; lot.
 Fae, a foe.
 Fain, fond.
 Fallow, follow.
 Fand, found.
 Fash, to trouble.
 Faut, fault.
 Fecht, fight.
 Feckless, spiritless, weak in body,
 or in purpose.
 Fega, faith! a petty oath.
 Fell, high rocky land.
 Fend, to defend; to fare.
 Ferly, to wonder; ferlies, wonders.
 Fiel', field.
 Fient, a petty oath.
 Fier, sound, healthy.
 Fin', find.
 Fleechin, lovingly intreating, ask-
 ing, wheedling, begging with car-
 esses, flattering.
 Fleyed, afraid.
 Forbears, forefathers.
 Fou, tipsy.
 Frae, from.
 Fremmit, strange, foreign, not akin.
 Frien', friend.
 Fu', full.
 Fug, moss; fuggie, mossy, lichened.
 Fule, fool.
 Furthy, affable, frank, hospitable.
 Ga', gall.
 Gab, the mouth; to speak continu-
 ously and boldly.
 Gabby, chatty.
 Gaffaw, a loud and somewhat sar-
 castic laugh.
 Gait, road, way, manner.
 Gane, gone.
 Gang, to go.
 Gansel, rebuke, snappish language.
 Gar, to make, to force.
 Gaucie, large, jolly.
 Gaun, going.
 Gear, money, goods of any kind.
 Gie, to give; gied, gave; gi'en,
 given.
 Gif, if.
 Gill-steup, a spirit-measure.
 Gilpie, a frolicsome boy or girl.
 Glalkit, foolish, idle, playful.
 Glint, peep, glance.
 Gloamin', twilight.
 Glower, to stare.
 Gowd, gold; gowden, golden.
 Gowpen, the quantity two hands
 joined lengthways, to form a sort
 of cup, can hold.
 Grannie, grandmother.
 Grip, to catch, to grasp.
 Grit, great.
 Grumphy, a sow.
 Grun', ground.
 Gude, God, the Supreme Being.
 Guid, good.

- Guidman, a husband.
 Guidwife, a wife, the mistress of the house.
 Gumption, sense, knowledge.
 Gurly, rough, boisterous.
 Gust, to taste, flavour.
 Gutchter, good-sire, grandfather.
- Ha', hall.
 Hae, have; hae't, have it.
 Haffits, temples of the head.
 Hain, to save; to use sparingly; haining, saving.
 Hairst, harvest.
 Haith, faith! a petty oath.
 Hale, whole.
 Hame, home; hamely, homely.
 Hap, cover.
 Happin, hopping, leaping.
 Hasna, has not.
 Haud, to hold, to keep.
 Hauf, half.
 Haufins, about half.
 Haun, hand.
 Haur, to hurl, to drag.
 Havers, nonsense.
 Heeze, to raise up.
 Herdin', tending.
 Hinney, honey.
 Hodden-grey, cloth which has the natural colour of the wool.
 Houp, hope.
 Housie, diminutive of house.
 Howk, to dig.
 Hurdies, the buttocks.
- Ill-faur'd, ill-favoured.
 Ilk, ilka, each, every.
 Ingle-side, fireside.
 Isna, is not.
 Ither, other.
- Janty, in a cheerful manner.
 Jaud, jade.
- Jaw, a dash of water; coarse railery.
 Jink, to turn suddenly, to evade, to sport.
 Jouk, to stoop down suddenly, to elude.
 Jow, to ring with a swinging noise.
 Joyfu', joyful.
- Kale, kail, colewerts.
 Keek, to peep; keeking, peeping.
 Ken, to know; kent, knew.
 Kenna, know not.
 Kennin, a slight degree.
 Kin', kind.
 Kintra, country.
 Kipple, to couple; kippled, coupled.
 Kirk, the church.
 Knackie, acute, quick at invention or at repartee.
 Knowe, a hillock.
- Laddie, diminutive of lad.
 Lair, lore, learning; lair'd, learned.
 Laith, loath, reluctant.
 Lammie, diminutive of lamb.
 Lane, lone; lanely, lonely.
 Lang, long; langing, longing.
 Langsyne, long ago.
 Lave, the rest.
 Laverock, a lark.
 Lea, lea'e, to leave.
 Leal, loyal, true.
 Leeze me, loved is to me! an expression of endearment.
 Len', lend.
 Leuk, look.
 Licht, light.
 Lichtsome, lightsome, cheerful.
 Lift, the sky.
 Lilt, a song, a tune; liting, singing.
 Limm, limb.
 Linn, a waterfall, a pool under a cataract.

Lith, a joint.	Nit, nut.
Lo'e, to love.	Nocht, nothing.
Loon, a clown, a cunning rogue, a rustic boy.	Noddle, the head.
Loup, leap.	Noo, now.
Loura, lowers.	Norian, northern.
Lowne, sheltered.	O', of; o't, of it.
Lowse, to loose.	Ocht, aught.
Lucky Bag, lottery bag.	Ony, any.
Lug, the ear.	Ouk, week.
Luggie, diminutive of lug.	Ourie, chill, shivering.
Lunt, to smoke.	Owre, over.
Mair, more.	Packit, despatched.
Maist, most.	Palkit, beaten, chastised.
Maister, master.	Paiks, blows, a beating.
Mak', to make; mak's, makes.	Parish siller, money collected for the poor.
Maun, must; maunna, must not.	Pat, a pot.
Maut, malt.	Pawky, pauky, cunning, sly.
Mavis, a thrush.	Pechin, panting, breathing short.
Meal-pock, a bag for holding meal.	Pick, a small bit of meat.
Mess John, the parish priest.	Pickle, a small quantity.
Micht, might.	Plack, an old Scottish coin, equal to the third of an English penny.
Mindna, mind not.	Plantin, a plantation.
Mirk, dark.	Plenished, furnished.
Mither, mother.	Pock, bag, sack.
Mony, many.	Pow, the head.
Mools, mould, the earth of the grave.	Pree, to taste slightly.
Mou', mouth.	Puirtith, poverty.
Muckle, meikle, much.	Pupit, pulpit.
Muir, moor, a heath.	
Na, no, not.	Quo', quoth, said.
Nae, no, not any.	
Nane, none.	Rackit, rent.
Nappy, ale.	Rakin', roving, strolling.
Nebfu', the quantity a bird carries in its bill.	Respeckit, respected.
Neebour, neighbour.	Right, right.
Needna, need not.	Rig, ridge of land.
Negleckit, neglected.	Riggin, ridge of a house.
Neist, next, nighest.	Ripe, to poke, to probe.
Neuk, nook.	Rogue, diminutive of rogue.
Nicht, night.	Roose, to extol, to praise, to flatter.

- Row, a roll of bread.
 Rowan-tree, the mountain ash.
 Rows, rolla.
 Routh, plenty.
 Rung, a long rough stick.

 Sae, so.
 Saft, soft.
 Sair, sore; sairly, sorely.
 Sang, song.
 Sau's, save us!
 Saughan-tree, willow-tree.
 Schule, school; schulin', schooling.
 Scone, a kind of bread.
 Scrimp, scrimpit, scanty, deficient.
 Scroggie, thorny.
 Sen', send.
 Shaw, a little wood; to show.
 Shear, to reap, to cut corn, &c., with
 the sickle.
 Shilfa', the chaffinch.
 Shoon, shoes.
 Shortsyne, not long ago.
 Shouldna, should not.
 Sic, such; siccan, such kind of.
 Sicht, sight.
 Siller, silver, money.
 Simmer, summer.
 Sinsyne, since that time.
 Skinkle, to sparkle, to glitter.
 Skirlin', screaming.
 Slae, the aloe.
 Slee, sly.
 Slicht, sleight, slight.
 Sma', small.
 Snaw, snow; snawy, snowy.
 Snell, keen, severe, cold.
 Snoove, to sneak.
 Snowk, to smell about.
 Socht, sought.
 Sonsie, pleasant-looking, jolly.
 Sook, to suck.
 Sough, fitful noise, as of the wind.
 Souple, flexible.

 Sowp, a sip, a spoonful.
 Sowther, to solder, to cement.
 Spak', spoke.
 Speel, to climb actively.
 Speer, to ask.
 Spen', to spend.
 Sprauchle, to climb with difficulty.
 Spree, trim, gandy, spruce.
 Stan', a stall.
 Stap, to thrust.
 Stauns, stands.
 Stick, to stop.
 Strae, straw.
 Strang, strong.
 Streek'd, stretched.
 Swither, to hesitate, to doubt.
 Syne, then, after that.

 Tak', to take.
 Takin', taking, attractive.
 Tanga, tonga.
 Tatties, potatoes.
 Tank, to talk.
 Tauld, told.
 Tawse, a leather strap used for
 chastisement.
 Tellt, told.
 Tent, care, heed.
 Thegither, together.
 Thocht, thought.
 Thowless, nerveless, inactive, silly.
 Tift, order, condition.
 Tina, lose.
 Tirl, to tap or rap gently.
 Toddle, to walk with short unsteady
 steps, as a young child.
 Tongue-tackit, tongue-tied.
 Toom, empty; to empty.
 Toothfu', a small quantity of liquor.
 Tosh, neat, tidy.
 Tott, to walk unsteadily, as an in-
 fant.
 Toun, town.
 Towmont, a twelvemonth.

- Trew, to trow, to believe.
 Trig, well-arranged, neat, handsome.
 Trowth, troth, faith! a petty oath.
 Twa, two.
 Twall, twelve.

 Unco, uncommon, strange.
 Unkent, unknown.

 Vera, very.
 Vogie, proud, vain, conceited.

 Wa', wall.
 Wad, would.
 Wadna, would not.
 Wae, woe, sad; waefu', woeful.
 Waesucks! alas, woe's me!
 Wa-gang, going away, departure.
 Wair, to expend, to spend.
 Wale, the choice.
 Wame, the belly.
 Wark, work.
 Warld, warl', world; warldly, worldly.
 Warsle, wrestle, struggle.
 Wasna, was not.
 Water-brose, brose made of meal and water only.
 Wauken, to waken.
 Waur, worse.
 Wean, a child.
 Wecht, weight.
 Wee, little.
 Weel, well.
 Weir, war.
 Weighing-bank, weighing beam.
 Wha, who.

 Whar, whare, where.
 Whase, whose.
 Whigmaleeries, gewgaws, toys.
 Whilk, which.
 Whinge, to whine.
 Whirligigums, trifling ornaments.
 Whisht, silence.
 Whuff, whiff.
 Wi', with.
 Wife, diminutive of wife.
 Wimple, to meander.
 Win, to gain.
 Win', wind.
 Winna, will not.
 Winnock, window.
 Winsome, winning, agreeable.
 Win'-tousled, dishevelled by the wind.
 Wizzent, shrunk, shrivelled.
 Won, to dwell; wonned, dwelt.
 Wow! an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
 Wrack, wreck.
 Wrang, wrong.
 Wrocht, wrought.
 Wud, wild, mad, furious.
 Wuntle, to tumble.

 Yairdie, diminutive of yard, a kitchen garden.
 Yamer, to whine, to murmur.
 Yaup, hungry.
 Yestreen, yesternight.
 Yill, ale.
 Yirth, earth.
 Yont, beyond.
 Yowes, ewes.
 Yowf, to bark.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Mr M'Kay's name is now widely known. He has written the history of his native town; and the work is one of a highly meritorious character. . . . The main characteristics of "Ingle-side Lilts," to use the poet's own phrase, are "naturalness and simplicity;" and we must add, that they are full of good sense, pawky Scotch humour, and Scotch proverbial wisdom. . . . But although Mr M'Kay's forte lies decidedly in the use of "his ain native Doric" (of which the present volume contains some excellent specimens, such as "My First Bawbee," "My Auld Uncle Watty," "Whare'er there's a Will there is always a Way"), he is by no means deficient in the power of handling the Queen's English. Indeed some of his English pieces are touched with a higher light than that which flashes from the quick movements of his Scotch verses.—*Glasgow Citizen*.

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